

(2.)
THE
RIVAL QUEENS;

OR,

The Death of *Alexander*
the GREAT.

ACTED

At the Theatre-Royal, by Her
Majesty's Servants.

By *NATHANIEL LEE* Gent.

——— *Natura sublimis & acer ;*
Nam spirat tragicum satis, & feliciter audet.
Horat. Epist. ad Aug.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. DARBY in Bartholomew-Close, A. BET-
TESWORTH in Paternoster Row, and F. CLAY without
Temple-Bar ; all in Trust for Richard, James, and
Bethel Wellington : And Sold also by R. Caldwell in
Newgate Street. M.DCC.XXVII. Price 1 s.

THE
LIVIAL-QUEENS

The Book of the
The Great



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To the Right Honourable

J O H N

Earl of MULGRAVE,

**Gentleman of his MAJESTY'S
Bed-Chamber,**

**And Knight of the Most Noble Order
of the GARTER.**

My LORD,

WHEN I hear by many Persons, not
indifferent Judges, how Poets are
censur'd most, even where they most
intend to please, and sometimes
by those to whom they address are
condemn'd for Flatterers, Sycophants, little fawn-
ing Wretches; I confess of all Undertakings
there is none more dreadful to me than a

Dedication. So nicely cruel are our Judges, that after a Play has been generally applauded on the Stage, the industrious Malice of some After-Observers shall damn it for an *Epistle* or a *Preface*. For this Reason, my Lord, *Alexander* was more to seek for a Patron in my troubled Thoughts, than for the Temple of *Jupiter Ammon* in the spreading Wilds and rolling Sands. 'Tis certain too, he must have been lost, had not Fortune, whom I must once at least acknowledge kind in my Life, presented me to your Lordship: You were pleased, my Lord, to read it over Act by Act; and by particular Praises, proceeding from the Sweetness rather than the Justice of your Temper, lifted me up from my natural Melancholy and Diffidence to a bold Belief, that what so great an Understanding warranted, could not fail of Success.

AND here I were most ungrateful, if I should not satisfy the judging World of the Surprize I was in. Pardon me, my Lord, for calling it a Surprize; when I was first honour'd by waiting upon your Lordship: So much unexpected and indeed unusual Affability from Persons of your Birth and Quality; so true an Easiness, such Frankness without Affectation, I never saw. Your constant but few Friends shew the Firmness of your Mind which never varies; so godlike a Virtue, that a Prince puts off his Majesty when he parts with Resolution. In all the happy Time that I attended you, unless Business or Accident interposed, I have observ'd your Company to be the same. You have travell'd thro

The Dedication.

IV

thro' all Tempers, sail'd thro' all Humours
of the Court's unconstant Sea, you have gain'd
the gallant Prizes which you sought, your se-
lected unvaluable Friends; and I am per-
fectly perswaded, if you traffick but seldom
abroad, 'tis for fear of splitting upon Knaves
or Fools. Nor is it Pride, but rather a De-
licacy of your Soul, that makes you shun the
sordid Part of the World the Lees and Dregs
of it, while in the noblest Retirement you
enjoy the finer Spirits, and have that just
Greatness to be above the Baser. How com-
mendable therefore is such a Reservation!
How admirable such a Solitude! If you are
singular in this, we ought to blame the wild,
unthinking, dissolute Age; an Age whose Bu-
siness is senseless Riot, *Neronian* Gambols, and
ridiculous Debauchery; an Age that can pro-
duce few Persons besides your Lordship, who
dare be alone. All our hot Hours burnt in
Night-Revels, drown'd in Day dead Sleep, or
if we wake, 'tis a Point of reeling Honour
jogs us to the Field; where if we live or die
we are not concern'd; for the Soul was laid
out before we went abroad, and our Bodies
were after acted by mere animal Spirits, with-
out Reason.

WHEN I more narrowly contemplate
your Person, methinks I see in your Lord-
ship two of the most famous Characters that
ever antient or modern Story could produce;
the mighty *Scipio*, and the retir'd *Cowley*. You
have certainly the Gravity, Temperance and
Judgment, as well as the Courage of the first;
all which in your early Attempts of War
gave

gave the noblest Dawn of Virtue, and will, when Occasion presents, answer our Expectation, and shine forth at full. Then for the latter, you possess all his Sweetness of Humour in Peace, all that *Halcyon* Tranquillity of Mind, where your deep Thoughts glide, like silent Waters, without a Wrinkle; your Hours move with softest Wings, and rarely any Larum strikes to discompose you. You have the Philosophy of the first; and, which I confess of all your Qualities I love most, the Poetry of the latter. I was never more mov'd at *Virgil's Dido*, than at a short Poem of your Lordship's, where nothing but the Shortness can be dislik'd. As our Churchmen wish there were more Noblemen of their Function, so wish I in the behalf of depress'd Poetry, that there were more Poets of your Lordship's Excellency and Eminence. If Poetry be a Virtue, she is a ragged one, and never in any Age went barer than now. It may be objected she never deserved less. To that I must not answer: But I am sure when she merited most, she was always dissatisfy'd, or she would not have forsaken the most splendid Courts in the World. *Virgil* and *Horace*, Favourites of the mightiest Emperor, retir'd from him, preferring a Mistress, or a white Boy, and two or three chearful drinking Friends in a Country Village, to all the Magnificence of *Rome*: Or if sometimes they were snatch'd from their cooler Pleasures to an Imperial Banquet, we may see by their Verses in praise of a Country Life, 'twas against their Inclination; witness *Horace* in his *Epode*, *Beatus ille qui procul, &c.*

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The Dedication.

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Part of his sixth Satire, his Epistle to *Fusc.*
Arist. *Virgil's Georgic*, *O Fortunatos nimium*
bona st. &c. all render'd by Mr. Cowley so
copiously and naturally, as no Age gone before,
or coming after, shall equal, tho all Heads join
together to out-do him. I speak not of his
Exactness to a Line, but of the Whole. This
then may be said, as to the Condition of Poets
in all Times, few ever arriv'd to a middle For-
tune, most have lived at the lowest, none ever
mounted to the highest: neither by Birth,
for none was ever born a Prince, as no Prince
to my remembrance was ever born a Poet:
nor by Industry, because they were always too
much transported by their own Thoughts from
minding the grave Business of a World: nor
by their Humour. Whereas even Slaves, the
Rubbish of the Earth, have, by most prodi-
gious Fortune, gain'd a Scepter, and with their
vile Heads sully'd the Glories of a Crown.
Praise is the greatest Encouragement we Ca-
melions can pretend to, or rather the *Manna*
that keeps Soul and Body together; we devour
it as if it were Angels Food, and vainly think
we grow immortal. For my own part, I ac-
knowledge I never receiv'd a better Satisfaction
from the Applause of an Audience, than I have
from your single Judgment. You gaze at Beau-
ties, and wink at Blemishes; and do both so
gracefully, that the first discovers the Acute-
ness of your Judgment, the other the Excellen-
cy of your Nature. And I can affirm to your
Lordship, there is nothing transports a Poet,
next to Love, like commending in the right
Place: Therefore, my Lord, this Play must be
yours; and *Alexander*, whom I have rais'd
from

from the Dead, comes to you with the Assurance answerable to his Character, and your Virtue. You cannot expect him in his Majesty of two thousand Years ago; I have only put his Ashes in an Urn, which are now offer'd with all Observance, to your Lordship, by

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

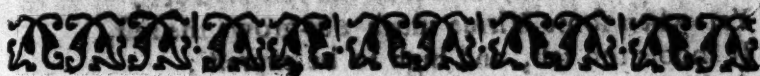
Most Humble,

Obliged, and

Devoted Servant,

N A T. L E E.





T O

Mr. Lee, on his *Alexander*.

THE Blast of common Censure cou'd I fear,
 Before your Play my Name shou'd not appear;
 For 'twill be thought, and with some Colour too,
 I pay the Bribe I first receiv'd from you:
 That mutual Vouchers for our Fame we stand,
 To play the Game into each other's Hand;
 And as cheap Pen'orths to our selves afford,
 As *Bessus* and the Brothers of the Sword.
 Such Libels private Men may well endure,
 When States and Kings themselves are not secure:
 For ill Men, conscious of their inward Guilt,
 Think the best Actions on by-Ends are built.
 And yet my Silence had not escap'd their Spite,
 Then Envy had not suffer'd me to write:
 For, since I cou'd not Ignorance pretend,
 Such Merit I must envy or commend.
 So many Candidates there stand for Wit,
 A Place in Court is scarce so hard to get;
 In vain they croud each other at the Door,
 For ev'n Reversions are all beg'd before:
 Desert, how known soe'er, is long delay'd:
 And then too Fools and Knaves are better pay'd.
 Yet, as some Actions bear so great a Name,
 That Courts themselves are just, for fear of Shame;
 So has the mighty Merit of your Play
 Extorted Praise, and forc'd it self a way.

'Tis here, as 'tis at Sea; who farthest goes,
 Or dares the most, makes all the rest his Foes:
 Yet when some Virtue much out-grows the rest,
 It shoots too fast, and high to be express;
 As his Heroick Worth struck Envy dumb,
 Who took the *Dutchman*, and who cut the Boom:
 Such Praise is yours, while you the Passions move,
 That 'tis no longer feign'd; 'tis real Love,
 Where Nature triumphs over wretched Art;
 We only warm the Head, but you the Heart.
 Always you warm: and if the rising Year,
 As in hot Regions, bring the Sun too near,
 'Tis but to make your fragrant Spices blow,
 Which in our colder Climates will not grow;
 They only think you animate your Theme
 With too much Fire, who are themselves all Phlegm;
 Prizes would be for Lags of slowest pace,
 Were Cripples made the Judges of the Race.
 Despise those Drones, who praise while they accuse
 The too much Vigour of your youthful Muse:
 That humble Style which they their Virtue make
 Is in your Pow'r, you need but stoop and take.
 Your beauteous Images must be allow'd
 By all, but some vile Poets of the Croud.
 But how shou'd any Sign-post Dawber know
 The Worth of *Titian* or of *Angelo*?
 Hard Features every Bungler can command;
 To draw true Beauty, shews a Master's Hand.

JOHN DRYDEN.



PRO.

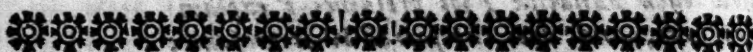
PROLOGUE.

Written by Sir Car. Scroop, Bart.

HOW hard the Fate is of the scribbling Drudge,
 Who writes to all, when yet so few can judge !
 Wit, like Religion, once Divine was thought ;
 And the dull Crowd believ'd as they were taught ;
 Now each Fanatick Fool presumes t' explain
 The Text, and does the sacred Writ profane :
 For while you Wits each other's Fall pursue,
 The Fops usurp the Power belongs to you.
 You think y'are challeng'd in each New Play-Bill,
 And here you come for trial of your Skill ;
 Where Fencer like you one another hurt,
 While with your Wounds you make the Rabble Sport.
 Others there are that have the brutal Will
 To murder a poor Play, but want the Skill.
 They love to fight, but seldom have the Wit
 To spy the Place where they may thrust and hit ;
 And therefore, like some Bully of the Town,
 Ne'er stand to draw, but knock the Poet down.
 With these, like Hogs in Gardens, it succeeds,
 They root up all, and know not Flowers from Weeds.
 As for you, Sparks, that hither come each Day,
 To act your own, and not to mind our Play ;
 Rehearse your usual Follies to the Pir,
 And with loud Nonsense drown the Stage's Wit ;
 Talk of your Clothes, your last Debauches tell,
 And witty Bargains to each other sell ;
 Glout on the silly She, who for your sake
 Can Vanity and Noise for Love mistake ;

Till

Till the Coquet sung in the next Lampoon,
 Is by her jealous Friends sent out of Town,
 For, in this Duelling, Intriguing Age,
 The Love you make is like the War you wage ;
 You're still prevented ere you come t'engage.
 But 'tis not to such trifling Does as you,
 The mighty Alexander deigns to sue ;
 To Persians of the Pit he does despise,
 But to the Men of Sense for Aid he flies ;
 On their experienc'd Arms he now depends,
 Nor fears he odds, if they but prove his Friends :
 For as he once a little Handful chose,
 The numerous Armies of the World oppose,
 So back'd by you who understand the Rules,
 He hopes to rout the mighty Host of Fools.



E P I L O G U E.

W^Hate'er they mean, yet ought they to be curst,
 Who this consorious Age did polish first :
 Who the best Play for one poor Error blame,
 As Priests against our Ladies Arts declaim,
 And for one Patch both Soul and Body damn,
 But what does more provokes the Actors Rage,
 (For we must show the Grievance of the Stage)
 Is, that our Women which adorn each Play,
 Bred at our Cost, become at length your Prey :
 While green and sour, like Trees we bear them all,
 But when they're mellow, frait to you they fall :
 You watch 'em bare and squab, and let 'em rest,
 But with the first young Down you snatch the Nest.
 Pray leave these poaching Tricks if you are wise,
 Ere we take out our Letters of Reprize.
 For we have vow'd to find a sort of Toys
 Known to black Friars, a Tribe of chopping Boys :
 If once they come, they'll quickly spoil your Sport ;
 There's not one Lady will receive your Court ;

But

EPILOGUE.

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But for the Youth in Petticoats run wild,
 With Oh the archest Wagg, the sweetest Child.
 The panting Breast, white Hands and Lilly Feet
 No more shall your pall'd Thoughts with Pleasure meet.
 The Woman in Boy's Clothes, all Boy shall be,
 And never raise your Thoughts above the Knees.
 Well, if our Women knew how false you are,
 They wou'd stay here, and this new Trouble spare :
 Poor Souls, they think all Gospel you relate,
 Charm'd with the Noise of settling an Estate :
 But when at last your Appetites are full,
 And the tir'd Cupid grows with Action, dull ;
 You'll find some Trick to cut off the Entail,
 And send 'em back to us all worn and stale.
 Perhaps they'll find our Stage, while they have rang'd
 To some vile canting Conventicle, chang'd :
 Where, for the Sparks who once resorted there
 With their curl'd Wigs that scented all the Air,
 They'll see grave Blockheads with short greasy Hair.
 Green-Aprons, Steeple-Hats, and Collar-Bands ;
 Dull sniv'ling Rogues that wring, not clap their Hands ;
 Where, for gay Punks that drew the shining Croud,
 And Misses that in Vizards laugh'd aloud,
 They'll hear young Sisters sigh, see Matrons old,
 To their chop'd Cheeks their pickl'd Kerchers hold,
 Whose Zeal too might persuade, in spite to you,
 Our flying Angels to augment their Crew.
 While Farringdon their Hero struts about 'em,
 And ne'er a damning Critick dares to flout 'em.

B

Drama-

Dramatis Personæ.

<i>Alexander</i> the Great.		Mr. Hart.
<i>Clytus</i> , Master of the Horse.		Mr. Mohun.
<i>Lyfimachus</i> , Prince of the Blood.		Mr. Griffin.
<i>Hephestion</i> , <i>Alexander's</i> Favourite.		Mr. Clark.
<i>Cassander</i> , Son of <i>Antipater</i> ,	Conspirators.	Mr. Kynaston.
<i>Polyperchon</i> , Commander of the Phalanx,		Mr. Goodman.
<i>Philip</i> , Brother to <i>Cassander</i> ,		Mr. Powel.
<i>Thessalus</i> the Median,		Mr. Wiltshire.
<i>Perdiccas</i> ,	Great Commanders.	Mr. Lydall.
<i>Eumenes</i> ,		Mr. Watson.
<i>Meleagar</i> ,		Mr. Perin.
<i>Aristander</i> , a Southsayer.		Mr. Coyst.
<i>Syfigambis</i> , Mother of the Royal Family.		Mrs. Cory.
<i>Statira</i> , Daughter of <i>Darius</i> , married to <i>Alexander</i> .		Mrs. Bowtel.
<i>Roxana</i> , Daughter of <i>Cohortanus</i> , first Wife of <i>Alexander</i> .		Mrs. Marshall.
<i>Parisatis</i> , Sister to <i>Statira</i> , in Love with <i>Lyfimachus</i> .		Mrs. Baker.

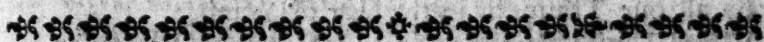
Attendants, Slaves, Ghost, Dancers, Guards.

SCENE, *Babylon.*

THE



THE
RIVAL QUEENS;
Or, The DEATH of
Alexander the Great.



ACT I.

*Enter Hephestion, Lyfimachus, fighting; Clytus
parting them.*

Clyt.



H A T, are you Madmen? ha!—Put
up, I say——

Then, Mischief's in the Bosom of you
both.

Lyf. I have his Sword.

Clyt. But must not have his Life.

Lyf. Must not, old *Clytus*?

Clyt. Mad *Lyfimachus*, you must not.

Heph. Coward Flesh! O feeble Arm!

He dallied with my Point, and when I thrust,
He frown'd and smil'd, and foil'd me like a Fencer.

16 *The Rival Queens ; or,*

O Reverend *Clytus* ! Father of the War ;
Most famous Guard of *Alexander's* Life,
Take pity on my Youth, and lend a Sword :
Lyfimachus is brave, and will but scorn me ;
Kill me, or let me fight with him again.

Lyf. There, take thy Sword, and since thou art resolv'd
For Death, thou hast the noblest from my Hand.

Clyt. Stay thee, *Lyfimachus* ; *Hephestion*, hold ;
I bar you both, my Body interpos'd.

Now let me see which, of you dares to strike,
By *Jove* you've stir'd the old Man ; that rash Arm
That first advances, moves against the Gods,
Against the Wrath of *Clytus*, and the Will
Of our great King, whose Deputy I stand.

Lyf. Well, I shall take another time.

Heph. And I.

Clyt. 'Tis false ;

Another time, what time ? what foolish Hour ?

No time shall see a brave Man do amiss.

And what's the noble Cause that makes this Madness ?

What big Ambition blows this dangerous Fire,

A *Cupid's* Puff, is it not Woman's Breath ?

By all our Triumphs in the heat of Youth,

When Towns were sack'd, and Beauties prostrate lay,

When my Blood boil'd, and Nature work't me high,

Clytus ne'er bow'd his Body to such Shame :

The brave will scorn the cobweb Arts——The Soul's

Of all that whining, smiling, co'z'ning Sex,

Weigh not one thought of any Man of War.

Lyf. I confess our Vengeance was ill-tim'd.

Clyt. Death ! I had rather this right Arm were lost,

To which I owe my Glory, than our King

Should know your Fault——what, on this famous Day !

Heph. I was to blame.

Clyt. This memorable Day,

When our hot Master, that would tire the World,

Outride the lab'ring Sun, and tread the Stars,

When he inclin'd to rest, comes peaceful on,

Lis't'ning to Songs : while all his Trumpets sleep,

And plays with Monarchs whom he us'd to drive ;

Shall

- Alexander the Great.

17

Shall we begin Disorders, make new Broils?
We that have Temper learnt, shall we awake
Hush'd *Mars*, the Lion, that had left to roar?

Lyf. 'Tis true, old *Clytus* is an Oracle.
Put up, *Hephestion*——did not Passion blind
My Reason, I on such occasion too
Could thus have urg'd.

Heph. Why is it then we love?

Clyt. Because unman'd.——

Why is not *Alexander* grown Example?
O that a Face shou'd thus bewitch a Soul,
And ruin all that's right and reasonable!
Talk be my Bane, yet the old Man must talk:
Not so he lov'd when he at *Iffus* fought,
And join'd in mighty Duel great *Darius*,
Whom from his Chariot flaming all with Gems
He hurl'd to Earth, and crush'd th' Imperial Crown;
Nor could the Gods defend their Images,
Which with the gaudy Coach lay overturn'd:
'Twas not the Shaft of Love that did the Feat;
Cupid had nothing there to do, but now
Two Wives he takes, two Rival Queens disturb
The Court; and while each Hand does Beauty hold,
Where is there room for Glory?

Heph. In his Heart.

Clyt. Well said,

You are his Favourite, and I had forgot
Who I was talking to. See *Syfigambis* comes
Reading a Letter to your Princess; go,
Now make your Claim, while I attend the King. [*Exit*

Enter Syfigambis, Parisatis.

Par. Did not you love my Father? Yes, I see
You did, his very Name but mention'd brings
The Tears howe'er unwilling to your Eyes.
I lov'd him too, he would not thus have forc'd
My trembling Heart, which your Commands may break,
But never bend.

Syf. Forbear thy lost Complaints,

Urge not a Suit which I can never grant.

Behold the Royal Signet of the King,

Therefore resolve to be *Hephestion's* Wife.

Par. No, since *Lyfimachus* has won my Heart,
My Body shall be *Athes*, ere another's.

Sys. For sixty rolling Years who ever stood
The shock of State so unconcern'd as I?
This whom I thought to govern, being young,
Heav'n, as a Plague to Power, has render'd strong;
Judge my Distresses, and my Temper prize;
Who, tho' unfortunate, wou'd still be wise.

Lyf. To let you know that Misery doth sway
[Both kneel.]

An humbler Fate than yours, see at your Feet
The lost *Lyfimachus*: O mighty Queen,
I have but this to beg, impartial stand;
And since *Hephestion* serves by your Permission,
Disdain not me who ask your Royal Leave
To cast a throbbing Heart before her Feet.

Heph. A Blessing like Possession of the Princess,
No Services, not Crowns, nor all the Blood
That circles in our Bodies can deserve:
Therefore I take all Helps, much more the King's;
And what your Majesty vouchsaf'd to give,
Your Word is past, where all my Hopes must hang.

Lyf. There perish too—all Words want Sense in Love;
But Love and I bring such a perfect Passion,
So nobly pure, 'tis worthy of her Eyes,
Which without blushing she may justly prize.

Heph. Such Arrogance, shou'd *Alexander* woo,
Wou'd lose him all the Conquest he has won.

Lyf. Let not a Conquest once be nam'd by you,
Who this Dispute must to my Mercy owe.

Sys. Rise brave *Lyfimachus*, *Hephestion* rise:
'Tis true *Hephestion* first declar'd his Love;
And 'tis as true, I promis'd him my Aid.
Your glorious King turn'd mighty Advocate,
How noble therefore were the Victory,
If we could vanquish this disorder'd Love?

Heph. 'Twill never be.

Lyf.

Alexander the Great.

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Lyf. No, I will yet love on,
And hear from *Alexander's* Mouth, in what
Hephestion merits more than I.

Syf. I grieve,
And fear the Boldness which your Love inspires ;
But lest her Sight should haste your Enterprize,
'Tis just I take the Object from your Eyes.

[*Exeunt Syf. Par.*

Lyf. She's gone, and see the Day, as if her Look
Had kindled it, is lost, now she is vanished.

Heph. A sudden Gloominess and Horror comes
About me.

Lyf. Let's away to meet the King,
You know my Suit.

Heph. Yonder *Cassander* comes,
He may inform us.

Lyf. No I wou'd avoid him ;
There's something in that busy Face of his,
That shocks my Nature.

Heph. Where and what you please.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Cassander.

Cass. The Morning rises black, the lowring Sun,
As if the dreadful Business he foreknew,

Drives heavily his sable Chariot on :

The face of Day now blushes Scarlet deep,

As if it fear'd the Stroke which I intend,

Like that of *Jupiter*——Lightning and Thunder !

The Lords above are angry, and talk big,

Or rather walk the mighty Cirque like Mourners

Clad in long Clouds, the Robes of thickest Night,

And seem to groan for *Alexander's* Fall ;

'Tis as *Cassander's* Soul could wish it were,

Which whensoever it flies at lofty Mischiefs,

You'd startle Fate, and make all Heav'n concern'd.

Mad *Chaldean* in the dead of Night

Came to my Bed-side with a flaming Torch ;

And bellowing o'er me like a Spirit damn'd,

He cry'd, Well had it been for *Babylon*,

If

The Rival Queens ; or,
If curs'd *Cassander* never had been born.

Enter Theſſalus, Philip, with Letters.

Theſſ. My Lord *Cassander*.

Cass. Ha ! who's there ?

Phil. Your Friends.

Cass. Welcome dear *Theſſalus* and Brother *Philip*.
Papers——with what Contents ?

Phil. From *Macedon*

A truſty Slave arriv'd——great *Antipater*
Writes that your Mother labour'd with you long,
Your Birth was ſlow, and ſlow is all your Life.

Cass. He writes, diſpatch the King——*Craterus* comes,
Who in my room muſt govern *Macedon* ;
Let him not live a Day——he dies to Night ;
And thus my Father but foreſtals my Purpose :
Why am I ſlow then ? if I rode on Thunder,
I muſt a moment have to fall from Heaven,
Ere I could blaſt the growth of this *Coloſſus*.

Theſſ. The haughty *Polyperchon* comes this way,
A Male-content on whom I lately wrought,
That for a ſlight Affront, at *Suſa* giv'n,
Bears *Alexander* moſt pernicious hate.

Cass. So when I mock'd the *Persians* that ador'd him,
He ſtruck me in the Face, and by the Hair
He ſwung me to his Guards to be chaſtis'd ;
For which and for my Father's weighty Cauſe,
When I abandon what I have reſolv'd,
May I again be beaten like a Slave.
But lo, where *Polyperchon* comes, now fire him
With ſuch Complaints, that he may ſhoot to Ruin.

Enter Polyperchon.

Pol. Sure I have found thoſe Friends dare ſecond me ;
I hear freſh murmurs as I paſs along ;
Yet rather than put up I'll do't alone.
Did not *Pausanias*, a Youth, a Stripling,
A beardless Boy ſwell'd with inglorious Wrong,

Alexander the Great.

21

For a less Cause his Father *Philip* kill?
Peace then full Heart! move like a Cloud about,
And when time ripens thee to break, O shed
The Stock of all thy Poison on his Head.

Cass. All Nations bow their Heads with Homage down,
And kiss the Feet of this exalted Man:

The Name, the Shout, the Blast from every Mouth,
As *Alexander*: *Alexander* bursts
Your Cheeks, and with a Crack so loud
It drowns the Voice of Heaven; like Dogs ye fawn,
The Earth's Commanders fawn, and follow him;
Mankind starts up to hear his Blasphemy:
And if this Hunter of this barbarous World
But wind himself a God, you echo him
With universal Cry.

Pol. I echo him?
Fawn or fall like a fat Eastern Slave,
And lick his Feet? Boys hoot me from the Palace,
To haunt some Cloister with my senseless walk,
When thus the noble Soul of *Polyperchon*
Sets go the Aim of all his Actions, Honour.

Theff. The King shall slay me, cut me up alive,
Mangle me with Fire and Scourges, rack me worse
Than once he did *Philotas*, ere I bow.

Cass. Curse on thy Tongue for mentioning *Philotas*:
Had rather thou hadst *Aristander* been;
And to my Soul's Confusion rais'd up Hell,
With all the Furies brooding upon Horrors,
Than brought *Philotas*' murder to remembrance.

Phil. I saw him rack'd, a Sight so dismal sad
My Eyes did ne'er behold.

Cass. So dismal! Peace,
Is unutterable; let me stand,
And think upon the Tragedy you saw;
Mars it comes, ay now the Rack's set forth,
Godly *Craterus* his inveterate Foe,
With pitiless *Hephestion* standing by:
Philotas, like an Angel seiz'd by Fiends,
Strait disrob'd, a Napkin ties his Head,

His

The Rival Queens ; or,

If curs'd *Cassander* never had been born.

Enter Theſſalus, Philip, with Letters.

Theſſ. My Lord *Cassander*.

Cass. Ha ! who's there ?

Phil. Your Friends.

Cass. Welcome dear *Theſſalus* and Brother *Philip*.
Papers——with what Contents ?

Phil. From *Macedon*

A truſty Slave arriv'd——great *Antipater*
Writes that your Mother labour'd with you long,
Your Birth was ſlow, and ſlow is all your Life.

Cass. He writes, diſpatch the King——*Craterus* comes,
Who in my room muſt govern *Macedon* ;
Let him not live a Day——he dies to Night ;
And thus my Father but foreſtals my Purpoſe :
Why am I ſlow then ? if I rode on Thunder,
I muſt a moment have to fall from Heaven,
Ere I could blaſt the growth of this *Coloſſus*.

Theſſ. The haughty *Polyperchon* comes this way,
A Male-content on whom I lately wrought,
That for a ſlight Affront, at *Suſa* giv'n,
Bears *Alexander* moſt pernicious hate.

Cass. So when I mock'd the *Persians* that ador'd him,
He ſtruck me in the Face, and by the Hair
He ſwung me to his Guards to be chaſtis'd ;
For which and for my Father's weighty Cauſe,
When I abandon what I have reſolv'd,
May I again be beaten like a Slave.
But lo, where *Polyperchon* comes, now fire him
With ſuch Complaints, that he may ſhoot to Ruin.

Enter Polyperchon.

Pol. Sure I have found thoſe Friends dare ſecond me ;
I hear freſh murmurs as I paſs along ;
Yet rather than put up I'll do't alone.
Did not *Pauſanias*, a Youth, a Stripling,
A beardleſs Boy ſwell'd with inglorious Wrong,

Alexander the Great.

21

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Peace then full Heart! move like a Cloud about,
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And lick his Feet? Boys hoot me from the Palace,
To haunt some Cloister with my senseless walk,
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Sets go the Aim of all his Actions, Honour.

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Mangle me with Fire and Scourges, rack me worse
Than once he did *Philotas*, ere I bow.

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My Eyes did ne'er behold.

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Is unutterable; let me stand,
And think upon the Tragedy you saw;

When *Mars* it comes, ay now the Rack's set forth,
Ruddy *Craterus* his inveterate Foe,
With pitiless *Hephestion* standing by:
Philotas, like an Angel seiz'd by Fiends,
Strait disrob'd, a Napkin ties his Head,

His

The Rival Queens ; or,

His warlike Arms with shameful Cords are bound,
And ev'ry Slave can now the valiant wound.

Pol. Now by the Soul of Royal *Philip* fled
I dare pronounce young *Alexander*, who
Wou'd be a God, is cruel as a Devil.

Cass. O *Polyperchon*, *Philip*, *Theſſalus*,
Did not your Eyes rain Blood ? your Spirits burst,
To see your noble Fellow-Soldier burn,
Yet without trembling, or a tear, endure
The Torments of the Damn'd ? O Barbarians,
Cou'd you stand by, and yet refuse to suffer ?
Ye saw him bruise'd, torn, to the Bones made bare ;
His Veins wide lanc'd, and the poor quivering Flesh
With Pincers from his manly Bosom ript,
Till ye discover'd the great Heart lie panting.

Pol. Why kill'd we not the King, to save *Philotas* ?

Cass. Asses ! Fools ! but Asses will bray, and Fools b
Why stood ye then like Statues ? there's the Case, (angr
The Horror of the Sight had turn'd ye Marble.
So the pale *Trojans* from their weeping Walls
Saw the dear Body of the Godlike *Hector*,
Bloody and soil'd, dragg'd on the famous Ground,
Yet senseless stood, nor with drawn Weapons ran
To save the great Remains of that prodigious Man.

Phil. Wretched *Philotas* ! bloody *Alexander* !

Theſſ. Soon after him the great *Parmenio* fell,
Stabb'd in his Orchard by the Tyrant's Doom.
But where's the need to mention publick Loss,
When each receives particular Disgrace ?

Pol. Late I remember to a Banquet call'd,
After *Alcides* Goblet swift had gone
The giddy round, and Wine had made me bold,
Stirring the Spirits up to talk with Kings,
I saw *Craterus* with *Hephestion* enter
In *Persian* Robes, to *Alexander's* Health
They largely drank ; then turning Eastward, fell
Flat on the Pavement, and ador'd the Sun.
Strait to the King they sacred Reverence gave
With solemn Words, O Son of thund'ring *Jove*,
Young *Ammon*, live for ever ; then kiss'd the Ground

laugh'd aloud, and scoffing ask'd 'em why
they kiss'd no harder; ——— but the King leapt up,
and spurn'd me to the Earth with this Reply;
to thou——whilst with his Foot he prest my Neck,
all from my Ears, my Nose and Mouth, the Blood
ush'd forth, and I lay foaming on the Earth,
for which I wish this Dagger in his Heart.

Cass. There spoke the Spirit of *Calisthenes*;
remember he's a Man, his Flesh as soft
and peneirable as a Girl's: we have seen him wounded,
Stone has struck him, yet no Thunder-bolt;
Pebble fell'd this *Jupiter* along:

Sword has cut him, a Javelin pierc'd him,
Water will drown him, Fire burn him,
Surfeit, nay a Fit of common Sickness,
brings this Immortal to the Gate of Death.

Pol. Why should we more delay the glorious Business?
Are your Hearts firm?

Phil. Hell cannot be more bent
to any Ruin, than I to the King's.

Theff. And I.

Pol. Behold my Hand; and if you doubt my Truth,
tear up my Breast, and lay my Heart upon it.

Cass. Join then, O worthy, hearty, noble Hands,
to Instruments for such majestick Souls;
remember *Hermolaus*, and be hush'd.

Pol. Still as the bosom of the desert Night,
as fatal Planets, or deep plotting Fiends.

Cass. To Day he comes from *Babylon* to *Susa*
with proud *Roxana*.

Alas! who's that? ——— look here.

Enter the Ghost of King Philip, shaking a Truncheon
at 'em, walks over the Stage.

Cass. Now by the Gods, or Furies which I ne'er
believ'd, ——— there's one of them arriv'd to shake us.
What art thou? glaring Thing, speak: What the Spirit
of our King *Philip*, or of *Polyphemus*?

May hurl thy Truncheon, second it with Thunder;
We will abide. ——— *Thessalus*, saw you nothing?

Theff.

The Rival Queens, or,

Theff. Yes, and am more amaz'd than you can be,

Phil. 'Tis said that many Prodigies were seen
This Morn, but none so horrible as this.

Pol. What can you fear? tho the Earth yawn'd so wide,
That all the Labours of the Deep were seen,
And *Alexander* stood on t'other side,
I'd leap the burning Ditch to give him Death,
Or sink my self for ever: Pray, to the Business.

Cass. As I was saying, this *Roxana*, whom,
To aggravate my Hate to him, I love,
Meeting him as he came triumphant from
The Indies, kept him revelling at *Susa*;
But as I found, a deep Repentance since
Turns his Affections to the Queen *Statira*,
To whom he swore (before he cou'd espouse her)
That he wou'd never bed *Roxana* more.

Pol. How did the *Persian* Queen receive the News
Of his Revolt?

Theff. With Grief incredible!
Great *Syfigambis* wept, but the young Queen
Fell dead among her Maids;
Nor cou'd their Care
With richest Cordials, for an Hour or more,
Recover Life.

Cass. Knowing how much she lov'd,
I hop'd to turn her all into *Medea*;
For when the first Gust of her Grief was past,
I enter'd, and with Breath prepar'd did blow
The dying Sparks into a towering Flame,
Describing the new Love he bears *Roxana*,
Conceiving, not unlikely, that the Line
Of dead *Darius* in her Cause might rise.
Is any Panther's, Lioness's Rage
So furious, any Torrent's Fall so swift
As a wrong'd Woman's Hate? Thus far it helps
To give him Troubles; which perhaps may end him,
And set the Court in universal Uproar.
But see it ripens more than I expected;
The Scene works up, kill him, or kill thy self;
So there be mischief any way, 'tis well:

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Alexander the Great.

25

Now change the Vizor, every one disperse,
And with a Face of Friendship meet the King. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Syfigambis, Statira, Parisatis, Attendants.

Stat. Give me a Knife, a draught of Poison, Flames ;
Swell Heart, break, break thou stubborn Thing ;
Now, by the sacred Fire, I'll not be held :
Why do ye wish me Life, yet stifle me
For want of Air ? Pray give me leave to walk.

Sys. Is there no Reverence to my Person due ?
Darius wou'd have heard me : trust not Rumour.

Stat. No, he hates,
He loaths the Beauties which he has enjoy'd.
O, he is false, that great, that glorious Man
Is Tyrant midst of his triumphant Spoils,
Is bravely false, to all the Gods forsworn :
Yet who wou'd think it ? no, it cannot be,
It cannot——What that dear protesting Man !
He that has warm'd my Feet with thousand Sighs,
Then cool'd 'em with his Tears, dy'd on my Knees,
Outwept the Morning with his dewy Eyes,
And groan'd and swore the wandering Stars away.

Sys. No, 'tis impossible, believe thy Mother,
That knows him well.

Stat. Away, and let me die :
O 'tis my Fondness and my easy Nature
That would excuse him ; but I know he's false :
'Tis now the common Talk, the News of the World,
False to *Statira*, false to her that lov'd him ;
That lov'd him, cruel Victor as he was,
And took him, bath'd all o'er in *Persian* Blood ;
Kiss'd the dear cruel Wounds, and wash'd 'em o'er
And o'er in Tears——then bound 'em with my Hair,
Laid him all Night upon my panting Bosom,
Lull'd like a Child, and hush'd him with my Songs.

Par. If this be true, ah, who will ever trust
A Man again ?

Stat. A Man ! a Man ! my *Parisatis* ;
Thus with thy Hand held up, thus let me swear thee,
By the eternal Body of the Sun,

C

Whose

Now

Whose Body, O forgive the Blasphemy,
 I lov'd not half so well as the least part
 Of my dear precious, faithless *Alexander*;
 For I will tell thee, and to warn thee of him,
 Not the Spring's Mouth, not Breath of *Jesamin*,
 Nor Violets infant Sweets, nor opening Buds,
 Are half so sweet as *Alexander's* Breast;
 From every Pore of him a Perfume falls,
 He kisses softer than a Southern Wind,
 Curls like a Vine, and touches like a God.

Sys. When will thy Spirits rest, these Transports cease?

Stat. Will you not give me leave to warn my Sister?
 As I was saying—but I told his Sweetness,
 Then he will talk, good Gods how he will talk!
 Even when the Joy he sigh'd for is possess'd,
 He speaks the kindest Words, and looks such Things,
 Vows with so much Passion, swears with so much Grace,
 That 'tis a kind of Heaven to be deluded by him.

Par. But what was it that you would have me swear?

Stat. Alas, I had forgot; let me walk by,
 And weep a while, and I shall soon remember.

Sys. Have patience, Child, and give her Liberty;
 Passions, like Seas, will have their Ebbs and Flows:
 Yet while I see her thus, not all the Losses
 We have receiv'd since *Alexander's* Conquest
 Can touch my harden'd Soul, her Sorrow reigns
 Too fully there.

Par. But what if she shou'd kill her self?

Stat. *Roxana* then enjoys my perjur'd Love;
Roxana clasps my Monarch in her Arms;
 Doats on my Conqueror, my dear Lord, my King,
 Devours his Lips, eats him with hungry Kisses:
 She grasps him all, she, the curst happy she.
 By Heaven I cannot bear it, 'tis too much;
 I'll die, or rid me of the burning Torture.
 I will have remedy, I will, I will,
 Or go distracted; Madness may throw off
 The mighty Load, and drown the flaming Passion.
 Madam, draw near with all that are in presence,
 And listen to the Vow which here I make.

Alexander the Great.

27

Syf. Take heed, my dear *Statira*, and consider,
What desperate Love enforces you to swear.

Stat. Pardon me, for I have considered well;
And here I bid adieu to all Mankind.

Farewel ye Coz'ners of the easy Sex,
And thou the greatest, falsest *Alexander*;
Farewel thou most belov'd, thou faithless Dear;
If I but mention him, the Tears will fall;
Sure there is not a Letter in his Name,
But is a Charm to melt a Woman's Eyes.

Syf. Clear up thy Grievs; thy King, thy *Alexander*,
Comes on to *Babylon*.

Stat. Why let him come,
Joy of all Eyes but the forlorn *Statira's*.

Syf. Wilt thou not see him?

Stat. By Heaven I never will,
This is my Vow, my sacred Resolution; [Kneels.
And when I break it——

Syf. Ah do not ruin all.

Stat. May I again be flatter'd and deluded,
May sudden Death and horrid, come instead
Of what I wish'd, and take me unprepar'd.

Syf. Still kneel, and with the same Breath call again
The woful Imprecation thou hast made.

Stat. No, I will publish it thro' all the Court,
Then in the Bowers of great *Semiramis*
For ever lock my Woes from human View.

Syf. Yet be persuaded.

Stat. Never urge me more;
Left driv'n to Rage I shou'd my Life abhor,
And in your Presence put an end to all
The fast Calamities that round me fall.

Par. O angry Heav'n! what have the Guileless done?
And where shall wretched *Parisatis* run?

Syf. Captives in War, our Bodies we resign'd;
But now made free, Love does our Spirits bind.

Stat. When to my purpos'd Loneness I retire,
Your Sight I thro' the Grates shall oft desire,
And after *Alexander's* Health enquire.

C 2

And


And if this Passion cannot be remov'd,
 Ask how my Resolution he approv'd,
 How much he loves, how much he is belov'd ?
 Then when I hear that all things please him well,
 Thank the good Gods, and hide me in my Cell. [*Exeunt.*]



A C T II. S C E N E I.

Noise of Trumpets sounding far off.

The SCENE draws, and discovers a Battel of Crows, or Ravens in the Air ; an Eagle and a Dragon meet and fight ; the Eagle drops down with all the rest of the Birds, and the Dragon flies away. Soldiers walk off, shaking their Heads. The Conspirators come forward.

Cass.  HE comes, the fatal Glory of the World,
 The headlong *Alexander*, with a Guard
 Of thronging Crowns, comes on to *Ba-*
bylon,

Tho warn'd in spite of all the Powers above,
 Who by these Prodigies foretel his Ruin.

Pol. Why all this Noise because a King must die ?
 Or does Heav'n fear because he sway'd the Earth,
 His Ghost will war with the high Thunderer ?
 Curse on the babbling Fates, that cannot see
 A great Man tumble, but they must be talking.

Cass. The Spirit of King *Philip*, in those Arms
 We saw him wear, pass'd groaning thro' the Court,
 His dreadful Eye-balls rolled their Horror upwards ;
 He wav'd his Arms, and shook his wondrous Head.
 I've heard that at the crowing of the Cock
 Lions will roar, and Goblins steal away ;
 But this majestick Air stalks stedfast on,
 Spite of the Morn that calls him from the East,
 Nor minds the op'ning of the Iv'ry Door.

Phil.

Phil. 'Tis certain, there was never Day like this.

Cass. Late as I musing walk'd behind the Palace,
I met a monstrous Child, that with his Hands
Held to his Face, which seem'd all over Eyes,
A Silver Bowl, and wept it full of Blood :
But having spy'd me, like a Cockatrice,
He glar'd a while ; then with a Shriek so shrill
As all the Winds had whiffled from his Mouth,
He dash'd me with the Gore he held, and vanish'd.

Pol. That which besel me, tho' 'twas horrid, yet
When I consider, it appears ridiculous ;
For as I pass'd thro' a by vacant Place,
I met two Women very old and ugly,
That wrung their Hands, and howl'd, and beat their Breasts ;
And cried out, Poison ! When I ask'd the Cause,
They took me by the Ears, and with strange Force
Held me to th' Earth, then laugh'd and disappear'd.

Cass. O how I love Destruction with a Method
Which none discern, but those that weave the Plot !
Like Silk-worms we are hid in our own Web,
But we shall burst at last thro' all the Strings ;
And when Time calls, come forth in a new Form,
Not Insects to be trod, but Dragons wing'd.

Theff. The Face of all the Court is strangely alter'd :
There's not a *Persian* I can meet, but stares
As if he were distracted. *Oxyartes*,
Statira's Uncle, openly declaim'd
Against the Perjury of *Alexander*.

Phil. Others, more fearful, are remov'd to *Susa*,
Dreading *Roxana's* Rage, who comes i'th' Rear
To *Babylon*.

Cass. It glads my rising Soul
That we shall see him rack'd before he dies :
I know he loves *Statira* more than Life,
And on a Croud of Kings in Triumph born
Comes big with Expectation, to enjoy her.
But when he hears the Oaths which she has ta'en,
Her last Adieu made publick to the World,
Her vow'd Divorce, how will Remorse consume him ;
Prey, like the Bird of Hell, upon his Liver ?

Pol. To balk his Longing, and delude his Lust,
Is more than Death, 'tis Earnest for Damnation.

Cass. Then comes *Roxana*, who must help our Party;
I know her jealous, bloody, and ambitious.
Sure 'twas the Likeness of her Heart to mine,
And Sympathy of Natures caus'd me love her:
'Tis fix'd, I must enjoy her, and no way
So proper as to make her guilty first.

Pol. To see two Rival Queens of different Humours,
With a Variety of Torments vex him.

Enter Lyfimachus, Hephestion.

Cass. Of that anon: But see *Lyfimachus*,
And the young Favourite. Sort, sort your selves,
And like to other mercenary Souls
Adore this mortal God that soon must bleed.

Lyf. Here I will wait the King's Approach, and stand
His utmost Anger, if he do me Wrong,

Heph. That cannot be from Power so absolute
And high as his.

Lyf. Well, you and I have done.

Pol. How the Court thickens! [*Trumpets sound*]

Cass. Nothing to what it will——Does he not come
To hear a thousand thousand Embassies,
Which from all Parts to *Babylon* are brought;
As if the Parliament of the World
Had met, and he came on a God to give
The infinite Assembly glorious Audience.

Enter Clytus, Aristander in his Robes, with a Wand.

Arist. Hasten, reverend *Clytus*, hasten and stop the King

Clyt. He is already enter'd: Then the Press
Of Princes that attend so thick about him
Keep all that would approach at certain distance.

Arist. Tho he were hem'd with Deities, I'd speak
to him,
And turn him back from this Highway to Death.

Alexander the Great.

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Clyt. Here place your self within this Trumpet's Sound.
Lo, the *Chaldean* Priests appear, behold
The sacred Fire, *Nearchus* and *Eumenes*
With their white Wands, and dress'd in Eastern Robes,
To sooth the King, who loves the *Persian* Mode;
But see, the Master of the World appears.

Enter Alexander; all kneel but Clytus.

Heph. O Son of *Jupiter*, live for ever.

Alex. Rise all; and thou my second self, my Love,
O my *Hephestion*, raise thee from the Earth
Up to my Breast, and hide thee in my Heart.
Art thou grown cold? Why hang thine Arms at distance?
Hug me, or by Heaven thou lov'st me not.

Heph. Not love, my Lord! break not the Heart you
And moulded up to such an Excellence! (fram'd,
Then stamp'd on it your own immortal Image.
Not love the King! such is not Woman's Love;
So fond a Friendship, such a sacred Flame,
As I much doubt to find in Breasts above.

Alex. Thou dost, thou lov'st me, Crown of all my Wars,
Thou dearer to me than my Groves of Laurel:
I know thou lov'st thy *Alexander* more
Than *Clytus* does the King. No Tears, *Hephestion*;
I read thy Passion in thy manly Eyes,
And glory in those Planets of my Life,
Above the rival Lights that shine in Heaven.

Lys. I see that Death must wait me, yet I'll on.

Alex. I'll tell thee, Friend; and mark it, all ye Princes,
Tho never mortal Man arriv'd to such
A height as I; yet I would forfeit all,
Cast all my Purples, and my conquer'd Crowns,
And die to save this Darling of my Soul.
Give me thy Hand, share all my Scepters while
I live; and when my Hour of Fate is come,
I leave thee what thou merit'st more than I, the World.

Lys. Dread Sir, I cast me at your royal Feet.

Alex.

Alex. What? my *Lyfimachus*, whose Veins are rich
With our illustrious Blood? My Kinsman, rise;
Is not that *Clytus*?

Clyt. Your old faithful Soldier.

Alex. Come to my Hands, thus double arm the King;
And now methinks I stand like the dread God,
Who while his Priests and I quaff'd sacred Blood,
Acknowledg'd me his Son. My Lightning thou;
And thou, my mighty Thunder — I have seen
Thy glittering Sword out-fly celestial Fire:
And when I cry'd, Be gone and execute,
I've seen him run swifter than starting Hinds,
Nor bent the tender Grass beneath his Feet;
Swifter than Shadows fleeting o'er the Fields;
Nay, even the Winds, with all their stock of Wings,
Have puff'd behind, as wanting breath to reach him.

Lyf. But if your Majesty —

Clyt. Who would not lose

The last dear Drop of Blood for such a King?

Alex. Witness, my elder Brothers of the Sky,
How much I love a Soldier — O my *Clytus*,
Was it not when we pass'd the *Granicus*,
Thou didst preserve me from unequal Force?
It was when *Spithridates* and *Rhesacer*
Fell both upon me with two dreadful Strokes,
And clove my temper'd Helmet quite in sunder,
Then I remember, then thou didst me Service;
I think my Thunder split them to the Navel.

Clyt. To your great Self you owe that Victory,
And sure your Arms did never gain a nobler.

Alex. By Heaven, they never did, for well thou
know'st,

And I am prouder to have pass'd that Stream,
Than that I drove a Million o'er the Plain:
Can none remember? Yes, I know all must,
When Glory, like the dazling Eagle, stood
Perch'd on my Beaver in the *Granick* Flood;
When Fortune's self my Standard trembling bore,
And the pale Fates stood frighted on the Shore,

When

Alexander the Great.

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When the Immortals on the Billows rode,
And I my self appear'd the leading God.

Arist. But all the Honours which your Youth has won
Are lost, unless you fly from *Babylon* :

Haste with your Chiefs, to *Susa* take your way,
Fly for your Life, destructive is your stay.

This Morning having view'd the angry Sky,
And mark'd the Prodigies that threatned high,
To our bright God I did for Succour fly.

But oh——

Alex. What Fears thy reverend Bosom shake ?
Or dost thou from some Dream of Horror wake ?

If so, come grasp me with thy shaking Hand,
Or fall behind, while I the Danger stand.

Arist. To *Orestades*' Cave I did repair,
Where I aton'd the dreadful God with Prayer :

But as I pray'd I heard long Groans within,

And Shrieks as of the damn'd that howl for Sin :

I knew the Omen, and I fear'd to stay,

But prostrate on the trembling Pavement lay.

When he bodes Happiness, he answers mild ;

'Twas so of old, and the great Image smil'd :

But now in abrupt Thunder he reply'd,

Loud as rent Rocks, or roaring Seas, he cry'd,

All Empires, Crowns, Glory of *Babylon*,

Whose Head stands wrapp'd in Clouds, must tumble down ;

Alex. If *Babylon* must fall, what is't to me ?

Or can I help immutable Decree ?

Down then vast Frame, with all thy lofty Towers,

since 'tis so order'd by Almighty Powers :

press'd by the Fates, unloose your golden Bars,

'Tis great to fall the Envy of the Stars.

Enter Perdicas, Meleager.

Mel. O Horror !

Per. Dire Portents !

Alex. Out with 'em then ;

What, are ye Ghosts, ye empty Shapes of Men ?

If

If so, the Mysteries of Hell unfold,
Be all the Scrolls of Destiny unroll'd,
Open the brazen Leaves, and let it come ;
Point with a Thunder-bolt your Monarch's Doom.

Perd. As *Melager* and my self in Field,
Your *Persian* Horse about the Army wheel'd ;
We heard a Noise as of a rushing Wind,
And a thick Storm the Eye of Day did blind :
A croaking Noise resounded thro' the Air,
We look'd, and saw big Ravens battling there :
Each Bird of Night appear'd himself a Cloud,
They met and fought, and their Wounds rain'd black Blood.

Mel. All, as for Honour, did their Lives expose ;
Their Talons clash'd, and Beaks gave mighty Blows,
Whilst dreadful Sounds did our fear'd Sense assail,
As of small Thunder, or huge *Seythian* Hail.

Perd. Our Augurs shook, when with a horrid Groan,
We thought that all the Clouds had tumbled down.
Soldiers and Chiefs, who can the Wonder tell,
Struck to the Ground, promiscuously fell ;
While the dark Birds, each pondrous as a Shield,
For fifty Furlongs hid the fatal Field.

Alex. Be witness for me, all ye Powers divine,
If ye be angry, 'tis no fault of mine ;
Therefore let Furies face me with a Band
From Hell, my Virtue shall not make a stand ;
Tho all the Curtains of the Sky be drawn,
And the Stars wink, young *Ammon* shall go on :
While my *Statira* shines, I cannot stay,
Love lifts his Torch to light me on my way.
And her bright Eyes create another Day.

Lyf. Ere you remove, be pleas'd, dread Sir, to hear
A Prince ally'd to you by Blood.

Alex. Speak quickly.

Lyf. For all that I have done for you in War,
I beg the Princess *Parisatis*.

Alex. Ha———

Is not my Word already past ? *Hephestion*,
I know he hates thee, but he shall not have her ;
We heard of this before.———*Lyfimachus*,

Alexander the Great.

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here command you nourish no Design
To prejudice my Person in the Man
I love, and will prefer to all the World.

Lys. I never fail'd t'obey your Majesty,
Whilst you commanded what was in my power;
Nor cou'd *Hephestion* fly more swift to serve,
When you commanded us to storm a Town,
Or fetch a Standard from the Enemy:
But when you charge me not to love the Princess,
must confess, I disobey you, as
wou'd the Gods themselves, should they command.

Alex. You shou'd, brave Sir, hear me, and then be dumb;
When by my order curst *Calisthenes*
Was a Traitor doom'd to live in Torments,
Your Pity sped him in despite of me.
Think not I have forgot your Insolence;
No, tho I pardon'd it, yet if again
Thou dar'st to cross me with another Crime,
The Bolts of Fury shall be doubled on thee:
In the mean time think not of *Parisatis*;
For if thou dost, by *Jupiter Ammon*,
By my own Head, and by King *Philip's* Soul,
I'll not respect that Blood of mine thou shar'st,
But use thee as the vilest *Macedonian*.

Lys. I doubted not at first but I should meet
Your Indignation, yet my Soul's resolv'd,
And I shall never quit so brave a Prize,
While I can draw a Bow, or lift a Sword.

Alex. Against my Life: Ah! was it so? how now?
'Tis said that I am rash, of hasty Humour;
But I appeal to the immortal Gods,
If ever petty, poor Provincial Lord
Had Temper like to mine: My Slave, whom I
Could tread to Clay, dares utter bloody Threats.

Clyt. Contain your self, dread Sir; the noble Prince,
I see it in his Countenance, wou'd die
To justify his Truth, but Love makes many Faults.

Lys. I meant his Minion there should feel my Arm;
Love asks his Blood, nor shall he live to laugh
At my Destruction.

Alex.

Alex. Now be thy own Judge,
 I pardon thee for my old *Clytus*' sake;
 But if once more thou mention thy rash Love,
 Or dar'st attempt *Hephestion*'s precious Life,
 I'll pour such Storms of Indignation on thee,
Philotas' Rack, *Calisthenes*' Disgrace,
 Shall be Delight to what thou shalt endure.

Enter Syfigambis, Parisatis.

Heph. My Lord, the Queen comes to congratulate
 Your safe Arrival.

Alex. O thou the best of Women,
 Source of my Joy, blest Parent of my Love.

Sys. Permit me kneel, and give those Adorations
 Which from the *Persian* Family are due:
 Have you not rais'd us from our Ruins high?
 And when no Hand could help, nor any Eye
 Behold us with a Tear, yours pitied me;
 You, like a God, snatch'd us from Sorrow's Gulph,
 Fix'd us in Thrones above our former State.

Par. Which when a Soul forgets, advanc'd so nobly,
 May it be drown'd in deeper Misery.

Alex. To meet me thus, was generously done;
 But still there wants, to crown my Happiness,
 Life of my Empire, Treasure of my Soul,
 My dear *Statira*: O that heavenly Beam,
 Warmth of my Brain, and Fire of my Heart:
 Had she but shot to see me, had she met me,
 By this time I had been among the Gods;
 If any Extasy can make a height,
 Or any Rapture hurl us to the Heavens.

Clyt. Now, who shall dare to tell him the Queen's Vow?

Alex. How fares my Love? ha—neither answer me!
 Ye raise my Wonder, Darkness overwhelms me;
 If royal *Syfigambis* does not weep,
 Trembling and Horror pierce me cold as Ice.
 Is she not well? what none, none answer me?
 Or is it worse? Keep down ye rising Sighs,
 And murmur in the Hollow of my Breast:

un to my Heart, and gather more sad Wind,
that when the Voice of Fate shall call you forth,
e may, at one rush, from the Seat of Life
low the Blood out, and burst it like a Bladder.

Heph. I would relate it, but my Courage fails me.

Alex. If she be dead—That it's impossible;
and let none here affirm it for his Soul;
or he that dares but think so damn'd a Lye,
I'll have his Body strait empal'd before me,
and glut my Eyes upon his bleeding Entrails.

Cass. How will this Engine of unruly Passion
Roar, when we've ramm'd him to the Mouth with Poison?

Alex. Why stand you all, as you were rooted here,
Like senseless Trees, while to the stupid Grove
, like a wounded Lion, groan my Griefs,
And none will answer—what, not my *Hephstion*?
If thou hast any Love for *Alexander*,
If ever I oblig'd thee by my Care,
When my quick Sight has watch'd thee in the Fight;
Or if to see thee bleed I sent forth Cries,
And like a Mother, wash'd thee with my Tears;
If this be true, if I deserve thy Love,
Ease me, and tell the Cause of my Disaster.

Heph. Your mourning Queen, (which I had told before
Had you been calm) has no Disease but Sorrow,
Which was occasion'd first by jealous Pangs:
She heard (for what can scape a watchful Lover?)
That you at *Susa*, breaking all your Vows,
Relaps'd, and conquer'd by *Roxana's* Charms,
Gave up your self devoted to her Arms.

Alex. I know that subtle Creature in my Riot,
My Reason gone, seduc'd me to her Bed;
But when I wak'd I shook the *Circas* off;
Tho' that Enchantress held me by the Arm,
And wept, and gaz'd with all the Force of Love;
Nor griev'd I less for that which I had done,
Than when at *Thais's* Suit, enrag'd with Wine,
I set the fam'd *Persopolis* on fire.

Heph. Your Queen *Statira* took it so to Heart,
That, in the Agony of Love, she swore
Never to see your Majesty again;
With dreadful Imprecations she confirm'd
Her Oath, and I much fear that she will keep it.

Alex. Ha! did she swear? did that sweet Creature swear
I'll not believe it; no, she is all softness,
All melting, mild, and calm as a rock'd Infant,
Nor can you wake her into Cries: By Heaven
She is the Child of Love, and she was born in Smiles.

Par. I and my weeping Mother heard her swear.

Sys. And with such Fierceness she did aggravate
The Foulness of your Fault, that I cou'd with
Your Majesty wou'd blot her from your Breast.

Alex. Blot her, forget her, hurl her from my Bosom,
For ever lose that Star that gilds my Life,
Guide of my Days, and Goddess of my Nights!
No, she shall stay with me in spite of Vows,
My Soul and Body both are twist'd with her.
The God of Love empties his golden Quiver,
Shoots ev'ry Grain of her into my Heart;
She is all mine, by Heaven I feel her here,
Panting and warm, the dearest, O *Statira*!

Sys. Have Patience, Son, and trust to Heaven, and
If my Authority, or the Remembrance
Of dead *Darius*, or her Mother's Soul
Can work upon her, she again is yours.

Alex. O Mother, help me, help your wounded Son,
And move the Soul of my offended Dear;
But fly, haste, ere the sad Procession's made.
Spend not a Thought in Reply——Be gone,
If you would have me live——and *Parisatis*,
Hang thou about her Knees, wash 'em with Tears;
Nay haste, the Breath of Gods, and Eloquence
Of Angels go along with you——Oh my Heart!

[*Exeunt Sys. and P.*]

Lys. Now let your Majesty, who feels the Torment
And sharpest Pangs of Love, encourage mine.

Alex. Ha——

Clyt. Are you a Madman? Is this a Time?

Lyf. Yes, for I see he cannot be unjust to me,
Lest something worse befall himself.

Alex. Why dost thou tempt me thus to thy undoing?
Death thou shouldst have, were it not courted so:
But know, to thy Confusion, that my Word,
Like Destiny, admits not a reverse;
Therefore in Chains thou shalt behold the Nuptials
Of my *Hephestion*——— Guards, take him Prisoner.

Lyf. I shall not easily resign my Sword,
Till I have dy'd it in my Rival's Blood.

Alex. I charge you kill him not, take him alive;
The Dignity of Kings is now concern'd,
And I will find a way to tame this Beast.

Clyt. Kneel, for I see Lightning in his Eyes.

Lyf. I neither hope nor ask a Pardon of him;
But if he shou'd restore my Sword, I would
With a new Violence run against my Rival.

Alex. Sure we at last shall conquer this fierce Lion:
Hence from my Sight, and bear him to a Dungeon.

Perdiccas, give this Lion to a Lion;
None speak for him, Hy, stop his Mouth, away.

Clyt. The King's extremely mov'd.

Eum. I dare not speak.

Clyt. This comes of Love and Women; 'tis all Madness;
Yet were I heated now with Wine, I shou'd
Be preaching to the King for this rash Fool.

Alex. Come hither, *Clytus*, and my dear *Hephestion*;
Lend me your Arms, help, for I'm sick o'th' sudden
fear betwixt *Statira's* cruel Love,
And fond *Roxana's* Arts, your King will fall.

Clyt. Better the *Persian* Race were all undone.

Heph. Look up, my Lord, and bend not thus your Head,
As if you'd leave the Empire of this World,
Which you with Toil have won.

Alex. Wou'd I had not;
There's no true Joy in such unwieldy Fortune.
Eternal Gazers lasting Troubles make;
All find my Spots, but few my Brightness take.
Stand off, and give me Air———

Heph. Your Queen *Statira* took it so to Heart,
That, in the Agony of Love, she swore
Never to see your Majesty again;
With dreadful Imprecations she confirm'd
Her Oath, and I much fear that she will keep it.

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For ever lose that Star that gilds my Life,
Guide of my Days, and Goddess of my Nights!
No, she shall stay with me in spite of Vows,
My Soul and Body both are twisted with her.
The God of Love empties his golden Quiver,
Shoots ev'ry Grain of her into my Heart;
She is all mine, by Heaven I feel her here,
Panting and warm, the dearest, O *Statira*!

Sys. Have Patience, Son, and trust to Heaven, and me
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Of dead *Darius*, or her Mother's Soul
Can work upon her, she again is yours.

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And move the Soul of my offended Dear;
But fly, haste, ere the sad Procession's made.
Spend not a Thought in Reply——Be gone,
If you would have me live——and *Parisatis*,
Hang thou about her Knees, wash 'em with Tears:
Nay haste, the Breath of Gods, and Eloquence
Of Angels go along with you——Oh my Heart!

[*Exeunt Sys. and Par.*]

Lys. Now let your Majesty, who feels the Torments
And sharpest Pangs of Love, encourage mine.

Alex. Ha——

Chor. Are you a Madman? Is this a Time?

Lys.

Alexander the Great.

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Lys. Yes, for I see he cannot be unjust to me, nor
Left something worse befall himself.

Alex. Why dost thou tempt me thus to thy undoing?
Death thou shouldst have, were it not courted so;
But know, to thy Confusion, that my Word,
Like Destiny, admits not a reverse;
Therefore in Chains thou shalt behold the Nuptials
Of my *Hephestion*——— Guards, take him Prisoner.

Lys. I shall not easily resign my Sword,
Till I have dy'd it in my Rival's Blood.

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And I will find a way to tame this Beast.

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But if he shou'd restore my Sword, I would
With a new Violence run against my Rival.

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Hence from my Sight, and bear him to a Dungeon.

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None speak for him, fly, stop his Mouth, away.

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Eum. I dare not speak.

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Yet were I heated now with Wine, I shou'd
Be preaching to the King for this rash Fool.

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Lend me your Arms, help, for I'm sick o'th' sudden.
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And fond *Roxana's* Arts, your King will fall.

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As if you'd leave the Empire of this World,
Which you with Toil have won.


Alex. Wou'd I had not;
There's no true Joy in such unwieldy Fortune.
Eternal Gazers lasting Troubles make;
All find my Spots, but few my Brightness take.
Stand off, and give me Air———

Why was I born a Prince, proclaim'd a God ?
 Yet have no liberty to look abroad ?
 Thus Palaces in prospect bar the Eye,
 Which pleas'd and free, would o'er the Cottage fly,
 O'er flow'ry Lands to the gay distant Sky.
 Farewel then Empire and the Racks of Love;
 By all the Gods, I will to Wilds remove;
 Stretch'd like a *Sylvan* God, on Grass lie down,
 And quite forget that e'er I wore a Crown.



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Eumenes, Philip, Theſſalus, Perdiccas, Lyſimachus, Gaards.

Eum.  Farewel, brave Spirit, when you come above,
 Commend us to *Philotas*, and the reſt
 Of our great Friends.

Theſſ. *Perdiccas*, you are grown
 In truſt, be thankful for your noble Office.

Per. As noble as you ſentence me, I'd give
 This Arm that *Theſſalus* were ſo employ'd.

Lyſ. Cease theſe untimely Jars, farewel to all;
 Fight for the King as I have done, and then
 You may be worthy of a Death like mine—Lead on.

Enter Pariſatis.

Par. Ah, my *Lyſimachus*, where are you going ?
 Whither ? to be devoured ? O barbarous Prince !
 Cou'd you expoſe your Life to the King's Rage,
 And yet remember mine was ty'd to yours ?

Lyſ. The Gods preſerve you ever from the Ills
 That threaten me : Live, Madam, to enjoy
 A nobler Fortune, and forget this Wretch.

Alexander the Great.

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I ne'er had Worth, nor is it possible
That all the Blood which I shall lose this Day
Shou'd merit this rich Sorrow from your Eyes.

Par. The King I know is bent to thy Destruction ;
Now by Command they forc'd me from his Knees :
But take this Satisfaction in thy Death,
No Power, Command, my Mother's, Sister's Tears,
Shall cause me to survive thy cruel Loss,

Lys. Live, Princess, live, howe'er the King disdains me :
Perhaps, unarm'd and fighting for your sake,
I may perform what shall amaze the World,
And force him yet to give you to my Arms.
Away Perdicas——Dear *Eumenes*, take
The Princess to your Charge.

[*Exeunt* *Perd.* *Lys.* *Guards*.]

Eum. O Cruelty !

Par. Lead me, *Eumenes*, lead me from the Light,
Where I may wait till I his Ruin hear,
Then free my Soul to meet him in the Air.

[*Exeunt* *Par.* and *Eum.*]

Phil. See where the jealous proud *Roxana* comes,
A haughty Vengeance gathers up her Brow.

Theff. Peace, they have rais'd her to their Ends ; observe.

Enter *Roxana*, *Cassander*, *Poliperchon*.

Rox. O you have ruin'd me, I shall be mad :
Said you so passionately ; is't possible ?
So kind to her, and so unkind to me ?

Cass. More than your utmost Fancy can invent,
He swooned thrice at hearing of her Vow ;
And when our Care as oft had brought back Life,
He drew his Sword, and offer'd at his Breast.

Pol. Then rail'd at you with such unheard of Curses.

Rox. Away, be gone, and give a Whirlwind room,
Or I will blow you up like Dust ; avaunt :
Madness but meanly represents my Toil.

Roxana and *Statira*, they are Names
That must for ever jar : eternal Discord ;
Fury, Revenge, Disdain, and Indignation.

D. 3.

Exit

Tear my swoll'n Breast, make way for Fire and Tempest,
My Brain is burst, Debate and Reason quench'd,
The Storm is up, and my hot bleeding Heart
Splits with the Rack, while Passions like the Winds,
Rise up to Heaven, and put out all the Stars.
What saving Hand, or what almighty Arm
Can raise me sinking?

Cass. Let your own Arm save you,
'Tis in your Power, your Beauty is almighty:
Let all the Stars go out, your Eyes can light 'em.
Wake then, bright Planet that should rule the World,
Wake, like the Moon, from your too long Eclipse,
And we with all the Instruments of War,
Trumpets and Drums, will help your glorious Labour.

Pol. Put us to act, and with a Violence
That fits the Spirit of a most wrong'd Woman:
Let not *Medea's* dreadful Vengeance stand
A Pattern more, but draw your own so fierce,
It may for ever be original.

Cass. Touch not, but dash with Strokes so bravely bold,
Till you have form'd a Face of so much Horror,
That gaping Furies may run frightened back;
That Envy may devour her self for madness,
And sad *Medusa's* Head be turn'd to Stone.

Rox. Yes, we will have Revenge, my Instruments;
For there is nothing you have said of me,
But comes far short, wanting of what I am.
When in my Nonage I at *Zogdia* liv'd,
Amongst my she Companions I wou'd reign;
Drew 'em from Idleness and little Arts
Of coining Looks, and laying Snares for Lovers,
Broke all their Glasses, and their Tires tore,
Taught 'em like *Amazons* to ride, and chase
Wild Beasts in Desarts, and to master Men.

Cass. Her Looks, her Words, her ev'ry Motion fires me.

Rox. But when I heard of *Alexander's* Conquest;
How with a Handful he had Millions slain,
Spoil'd all the East, their Queens his Captives made,
Yet with what Chastity, and godlike Temper
He saw their Beauties, and with Pity bow'd;

Alexander the Great.

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Methought I hung upon my Father's Lips,
And wish'd him tell the wondrous Tale again :
Left all my Sports, the Woman now return'd,
And Sighs uncall'd wou'd from my Bosom fly ;
And all the Night, as my *Adraste* told me,
In Slumbers groan'd and murmur'd *Alexander*.

Cass. Curse on the Name, but I will soon remove
That Bar of my Ambition and my Love.

Rox. At last to *Zogdha* this Triumpher came,
And cover'd o'er with Laurels forc'd our City :
At Night I by my Father's Order stood,
With fifty Virgins waiting at a Banquet.
But Oh how glad was I to hear his Court,
To feel the Pressure of his glowing Hand,
And taste the dear, the false protesting Lips !

Cass. Wormwood and Hemlock henceforth grow about

Rox. Gods ! that a Man should be so great and base !
What said he not when, in the bridal Bed,
He clasp'd my yielding Body in his Arms :
When with his fiery Lips devouring mine,
And moulding with his Hand my throbbing Breast,
He swore the Globes of Heaven and Earth were vile
To those rich Worlds ; and talk'd, and kiss'd, and lov'd,
And made me shame the Morning with my Blushes.

Cass. Yet after this prove false !

Pol. Horrid Perjury !

Cass. Not to be match'd !

Pol. O you must find Revenge !

Cass. A Person of your Spirit be thus slighted !
For whose Desire all Earth shou'd be too little.

Rox. And shall the Daughter of *Darius* hold him ?
That puny Girl, that Ape of my Ambition ?
That cry'd for Milk when I was nurs'd in Blood !
Shall she, made up of watry Element,
A Cloud, shall she embrace my proper God,
While I am cast like Lightning from his Hand ?
No, I must scorn to prey on common Things ;
Tho' hurl'd to Earth by this disdainful *Jove*,
I will rebound to my own Orb of Fire,
And with the Wrack of all the Heav'ns expire.

Cass.

Cass. Now you appear your self ;
'Tis noble Anger.

Rox. May the illustrious Blood that fills my Womb,
And ripens to be perfect Godhead born,
Come forth a Fury ; may *Barsina's* Bastard
Tread it to Hell, and rule as Sovereign Lord,
When I permit *Statira* to enjoy
Roxana's Right, and strive not to destroy.

Enter Syfigambis, Statira in Mourning.

Cass. Behold her going to fulfil her Vow ;
Old *Syfigambis*, whom the King engag'd,
Resists and awes her with Authority.

Rox. 'Twas rashly vow'd indeed, and I shou'd pity her.

Sys. O my *Statira*, how has Passion chang'd thee !
Think if thou drive the King to such Extremes,
What in his Fury may he not denounce
Against the poor Remains of lost *Darius* ?

Stat. I know, I know he will be kind to you,
And to my mourning Sister for my sake ;
And tell him, how with my departing Breath,
I rail'd not, but spoke kindly of his Person,
Nay wept to think of our divided Loves,
And sobbing sent at last Forgiveness to him.

Rox. Grant, Heav'n, some Ease to this distracted Wretch !
Let her not linger out a Life in Torments ;
Be these her last Words, and at once dispatch her.

Sys. No, by the everlasting Fire I swear,
By my *Darius's* Soul, I never more
Will dare to look on *Alexander's* Face,
If you refuse to see him.

Rox. Curse on that cunning Tongue, I fear her now.

Cass. No, she's resolv'd.

Stat. I cast me at your Feet,
To bathe 'em with my Tears ; or, if you please,
I'll let out Life, and wash 'em with my Blood ;
But still conjure you not to rack my Soul,
Nor hurry my wild Thoughts to perfect Madness.
Shou'd now *Darius's* awful Ghost appear,
And my pale Mother stand beseeching by,

Alexander the Great.

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I wou'd persist to Death, and keep my Vow.

Rox. She shews a certain Bravery of Soul,
Which I shou'd praise in any but my Rival.

Sys. Die then, rebellious Wretch, thou art not now
That soft Belov'd, nor durst thou share my Blood.

Go hide thy Baseness in thy lonely Groe,
Ruin thy Mother, and thy Royal House,

Pernicious Creature ! shed the innocent

Blood, and sacrifice to the King's Wrath

The Lives of all thy People ; fly, be gone,

And hide thee where bright Vertue never shone :

The Day will shun thee, nay the Stars that view

Mischiefs and Murders, Deeds to thee not new,

Will start at this—Go, go, thy Crimes deplore,

And never think of *Sysigambis* more.

[Ex.

Rox. Madam, I hope you will a Queen forgive ;

Roxana weeps to see *Statira* grieve :

How noble is the brave Resolve you make,

To quit the World for *Alexander's* sake ?

Vast is your Mind, you dare thus greatly die,

And yield the King to one so mean as I :

'Tis a Revenge will make the Victor smart,

And much I fear your Death will Break his Heart.

Stat. You counterfeit I fear, and know too well

How much your Eyes all Beauties else excel :

Roxana, who tho' not a Princess born,

In Chains could make the mighty Victor mourn ;

Forgetting Pow'r when Witne had made him warm,

And senseless, yet even then you knew to charm :

Preserve him by those Arts that cannot fail,

While I the Loss of what I lov'd bewail.

Rox. I hope your Majesty will give me leave

To wait you to the Grove where you wou'd grieve ;

Where like the Turtle, you the Loss will moan

Of that dear Mate, and murmur all alone.

Stat. No, proud Triumpher o'er my falling State,

Thou shalt not stay to fill me with my Fate :

Go to the Conquest which your Wiles may boast,

And tell the World you left *Statira* lost.

Go seize my faithless *Alexander's* Hand,

Both Hand and Heart were once at my Command :

Grasp

Grasp his lov'd Neck, die on his fragrant Breast,
 Love him like me, whose Love can't be exprest ;
 He must be happy, and you more than blest :
 While I in Darkness hide me from the Day,
 That with my Mind I may his Form survey,
 And think so long, till I think Life away.

Rox. No, sickly Vertue ; no,
 Thou shalt not think, nor thy Love's loss bemoan,
 Nor shall past Pleasures thro' thy Fancy run,
 That were to make thee blest as I can be :
 But thy No-thought I must, I will decree ;
 As thus I'll torture thee till thou art mad,
 And then no Thought to purpose can be had.

Stat. How frail, how cowardly is Woman's Mind ?
 We shriek at Thunder, dread the rustling Wind,
 And glittering Swords the brightest Eyes will blind.
 Yet when strong Jealousy enflames the Soul,
 The weak will roar, and Calms to Tempests roll.
 Rival, take heed, and tempt me not too far ;
 My Blood may boil, and Blushes shew a War.

Rox. When you retire to your romantick Cell,
 I'll make thy solitary Mansion Hell ;
 Thou shalt not rest by Day, nor sleep by Night,
 But still *Roxana* shall thy Spirit fright :
 Wanton in Dreams, if thou dar'st dream of Bliss,
 Thy roving Ghost may think to steal a Kiss ;
 But when to his sought Bed, thy wandering Air
 Shall for the Happiness it wish'd repair,
 How will it groan to find thy Rival there ?
 How ghastly wilt thou look, when thou shalt see,
 Thro' the drawn Curtains that great Man and me,
 Wearied with laughing, Joys shot to the Soul,
 While thou shalt grinning stand, and gnash thy Teeth, and
 howl ?

Stat. O barbarous Rage ! my Tears I cannot keep,
 But my full Eyes in spite of me will weep.

Rox. The King and I in various Pictures drawn,
 Clasping each other, shaded o'er with Lawn,
 Shall be the daily Presents I will send,
 To help thy Sorrow to her Journey's end.

And

Alexander the Great.

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And when we hear at last thy Hour draws nigh,
My *Alexander*, my dear Love and I,
Will come and hasten on thy lingring Fates,
And smile and kiss thy Soul out thro' the Grates.

Stat. 'Tis well; I thank thee; thou hast wak'd a Rage,
Whose boiling now no Temper can assuage:
I meet thy Tides of Jealousy with more,
Dare thee to Duel, and dash thee o'er and o'er.

Rox. What wou'd you dare?

Stat. Whatever you dare do,
My warring Thoughts the bloodiest Tracts pursue;
I am by Love a Fury made, like you;
Kill or be kill'd, thus acted by Despair.

Rox. Sure the disdain'd *Statira* does not dare?

Stat. Yes, tow'ring proud *Roxana*, but I dare.

Rox. I tow'r indeed o'er thee;
Like a fair Wood, the Shade of Kings I stand,
While thou, sick Weed, dost but infect the Land.

Stat. No, like an Ivy I will curl thee round,
Thy sapless Trunk of all its Pride confound,
Then dry and wither'd, bend thee to the Ground.
What *Syfigambis*' Threats, objected Fears,
My Sister's Sighs, and *Alexander's* Tears,
Could not effect, thy rival Rage has done;
My Soul, whose start at breach of Oaths begun,
Shall to thy Ruin violated run.
I'll see the King in spite of all I swore,
Tho curst, that thou mayst never see him more.

Enter *Perdiccas*, *Alexander*, *Syfigambis*, *Attendants*, &c.

Per. Madam, your Royal Mother, and the King.

Alex. O my *Statira*! O my angry Dear!
Turn thine Eyes on me, I would talk to them:
What shall I say to work upon thy Soul?
Where shall I throw me? whither shall I fall?

Stat. For me you shall not fall.

Alex. For thee I will;
Before thy Feet I'll have a Grave dug up,
And perish quick, be buried strait alive:

Give

Give but, as the Earth grows heavy on me,
 A tender Look, and a relenting Word,
 Say but 'twas pity that so great a Man,
 Who had ten thousand Deaths in Battels scap'd,
 For one poor Fault, so early shou'd remove,
 And fall a Martyr to the God of Love.

Rox. Is then *Roxana's* Love and Life so poor,
 That for another you can chuse to die,
 Rather than live for her? What have I done?
 How am I alter'd since at *Susa* last
 You swore and seal'd it with a thousand Kisses,
 Rather than lose *Roxana's* smallest Charm,
 You wou'd forego the Conquest of the World?

Alex. Madam, you best can tell what Magick drew
 Me to your Charms, but let it not be told
 For your own sake; take that conquer'd World,
 Dispose of Crowns and Scepters as you please,
 Let me but have the Freedom for an Hour,
 To make account with this wrong'd Innocence.

Stat. You know, my Lord, you did commit a Fault:
 I ask but this, repeat your Crime no more.

Alex. O never, never.

Rox. Am I rejected then?

Alex. Exhaust my Treasures,
 Take all the Spoils of the fair conquer'd *Indies*;
 But for the Ease of my afflicted Soul,
 Go where I never may behold thee more.

Rox. Yes, I will go; ungrateful as thou art,
 Bane to my Life; thou Torment of my Days,
 Thou Murderer of the World: for as thy Sword
 Hath cut the Lives of thousand thousand Men,
 So will thy Tongue undo all Woman-kind.
 But I'll be gone; this last Disdain hath cur'd me,
 And I am now grown so indifferent,
 I could behold you kiss without a Pang,
 Nay, take a Torch and light you to your Bed:
 But do not trust me; no, for if you do,
 By all the Furies and the Flames of Love,
 By Love, which is the hottest burning Hell,
 I'll set you both on fire to blaze for ever.

[Exit
Stat.

Alexander the Great.

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Stat. O *Alexander*, is it possible? Good Gods,
That Guilt can shew so lovely! — yet I pardon,
Forgive thee all, by thy dear Life I do.

Alex. Ha, Pardon! saidst thou, pardon me?

Sys. Now all my Mother's Blessing fall upon thee,
My best, my most belov'd, my own *Statira*.

Alex. Is it then true that thou hast pardon'd me?
And is it given me thus to touch thy Hand,
And fold thy Body in my longing Arms?
To gaze upon thy Eyes, my happier Stars,
To taste thy Lip, and thy dear balmy Breath,
While ev'ry Sigh comes forth so fraught with Sweets,
'Tis Incense to be offer'd to a God.

Stat. Yes, dear Impostor, 'tis most true that I
Have pardon'd thee; and 'tis as true, that while
I stand in view of thee, thy Eyes will wound,
Thy Tongue will make me wanton as thy Wishes;
And while I feel thy Hand, my Body glows:
Therefore be quick, and take your last Adieu,
These your last Sighs, and these your parting Tears;
Farewel, farewel, a long and last Farewel.

Alex. O my *Hephestion*, bear me, or I sink. (throbs!)

Stat. Nay, you may take—Heav'n how my Heart
You may, you may, if yet you think me worthy,
Take from these trembling Lips a parting Kiss.

Alex. No, let me starve first—why, *Statira*, why?
What is the meaning of all this? — O Gods!

I know the Cause, my working Brain divines:
You'll say you pardon'd, but with this Reserve,
Never to make me blest as I have been,
To slumber by the Side of that false Man,
Nor give a Heav'n of Beauty to a Devil.
Think you not thus? speak, Madam.

Sys. She is not worthy, Son, of so much Sorrow:
Speak Comfort to him, speak, my dear *Statira*,
Ask thee by those Tears: Ah canst thou e'er
Pretend to love, yet with dry Eyes behold him?

Alex. Silence more dreadful than severest Sounds:
Wou'd lie but speak, tho Death, eternal Exile
Hung at her Lips; yet while her Tongue pronounces,

E

There

[Exit
Statira]

There must be Musick even in my undoing.

Stat. Still my lov'd Lord, I cannot see you thus ;
Nor can I ever yield to share your Bed :
O I shall find *Roxana* in your Arms,
And taste her Kisses left upon your Lips.
Her curs'd Embraces have defil'd your Body,
Nor shall I find the wonted Sweetness there,
But artificial Smells and stinking Odours.

Alex. Yes, obstinate, I will : Madam, you shall,
You shall, in spite of this restless Passion,
Be serv'd ; but you must give me leave to think
You never lov'd——O could I see you thus !
Hell has not half the Tortures that you raise.

Clyt. Never did Passions combat thus before.

Alex. O I shall burst,
Unless you give me leave to rave a while.

Syf. Yet ere Destruction sweep us both away,
Relent, and break thro' all to pity him.

Alex. Yes, I will shake this *Cupid* from my Arms,
If all the Rages of the Earth would fright him ;
Drown him in the deep Bowl of *Hercules* ;
Make the World drunk, and then like *Æolus*,
When he gave passage to the struggling Winds,
I'll strike my Spear into the reeling Globe
To let it blood, set *Babylon* in a blaze,
And drive this God of Flames with more consuming Fire.

Stat. My Presence will but force him to Extremes ;
Besides 'tis Death to me, to see his Pains ;
Yet stand resolv'd never to yield again——
Permit me to remove.

Alex. I charge ye stay her ;
For if she pass, by all the Hell I feel,
Your Souls, your naked Ghosts, shall wait upon her.
O turn thee ! turn ! thou barb'rous Brightness, turn !
Hear my last Words, and see my utmost Pang :
But first kneel with me, all my Soldiers kneel, [*All kneel*
Yet lower——prostrate to the Earth—Ah Mother, what
Will you kneel too ? Then let the Sun stand still,
To see himself out-worship'd ; not a Face
Be shewn that is nor wash'd all o'er in Tears,

But weep as if you here beheld me slain.

Sys. Hast thou a Heart? or art thou Savage turn'd?
But if this Posture cannot move your Mercy,
never will speak more.

Alex. O my *Statira*!
I swear, my Queen, I'll not out-live thy Hate,
My Soul is still as Death——But one thing more,
Pardon my last Extremities——the Transports
Of a deep wounded Breast, and all is well.

Stat. Rise, and may Heaven forgive you all, like me.

Alex. You are too gracious——*Clytus*, bear me hence;
When I am laid in Earth, yield her the World.
There's something here heaves, as cold as Ice,
That stops my Breath——Farewel, O Gods! for ever.

Stat. Hold off, and let me run into his Arms,
My dearest, my all Love, my Lord, my King;
You shall not die, if that the Soul and Body
Of thy *Statira* can restore thy Life:
Give me thy wonted Kindness, bend me, break me
With thy Embraces.

Alex. O the killing Joy!
O Extasy! my Heart will burst my Breast,
To leap into thy Bosom; but by Heaven
This Night I will revenge me of thy Beauties,
For the dear Rack I have this Day endur'd;
For all the Sighs and Tears that I have spent,
I'll have so many thousand burning Loves;
To swell thy Lips, so fill me with thy Sweetness,
Thou shalt not sleep nor close thy wandering Eyes:
The smiling Hours shall all be lov'd away,
We'll surfeit all the Night, and languish all the Day.

Stat. Nor shall *Roxana*——

Alex. Let her not be nam'd——
Mother! how shall I requite your Goodness?
And you, my Fellow-Warriors, that cou'd weep
For your lost King——But I invite you all,
My Equals in the Throne as in the Grave,
Without distinction to the Riot come,
To the King's Banquet——


Clyt. I beg your Majesty
Would leave me out.

Alex. None, none shall be excus'd;
 All revel out the Day, 'tis my command,
 Gay as the *Persian* God our self will stand,
 With a crown'd Goblet in our lifted Hand.
 Young *Ammon* and *Statira* shall go round,
 While antick Measures beat the burden'd Ground,
 And to the vaulted Skies our Clangors sound.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Clytus in his Macedonian Habit; Hephestion, Eumenes, Meleager, &c. in Persian Robes.

Clyt.  WAY, I will not wear these *Persian* Robes;
 Nor ought the King be angry for the Reverence

I owe my Country: Sacred are her Customs,
 Which honest *Clytus* shall preserve to Death.
 O let me rot in *Macedonian* Rags,
 Rather than shine in Fashions of the East.
 Then for the Adorations he requires,
 Roast my old Body in eternal Flames,
 Or let him cage me like *Callisthenes*.

Eum. Dear *Clytus*, be persuaded.

Heph. You know the King
 Is godlike, full of all the richest Virtues
 That ever Royal Heart possess'd; yet you
 Perverse, but to one Humour will oppose him.

Clyt. Call you it Humour! 'tis a pregnant one,
 By *Mars* there's Venom in it, burning Pride;
 And tho my Life should follow, rather than
 Bear such a hot Ambition in my Bowels,
 I'd rip 'em up to give the Poison vent.

Mele. Was not that *Jupiter* whom we adore
 A Man, but for his more than human Acts,

Alexander the Great.

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advanc'd to Heav'n, and worship'd for its Lord !

Heph. By all his Thunder and his sovereign Power,

I'll not believe the Earth yet ever felt

An Arm like *Alexander's* ; not that God

You nam'd, tho riding in a Car of Fire,

And drawn by flying Horses, wing'd with Lightning,

You'd in a shorter space do greater Deeds,

Drive all the Nations, and lay waste the World.

Clyt. There's not a Man of War among you all

That loves the King like me : Yet I'll not flatter,

Nor sooth his Vanity, 'tis blameable ;

And when the Wine works, *Clytus'* Thoughts will out.

Heph. Then go not to the Banquet.

Clyt. I was call'd,

My Minion, was I not, as well as you ?

I'll go, my Friends, in this old Habit thus,

And laugh, and drink the King's Health heartily ;

And while you blushing bow your Heads to Earth,

And hide 'em in the Dust, I'll stand upright,

Trait as a Spear, the Pillar of my Country,

And be so much nearer to the Gods——

But see, the King and all the Court appear.

Enter Alexander, Syfigambis, Statira, Parisatis, &c.

Par. Spare him, O spare *Lyfimachus* his Life ;

know you will, Kings shou'd delight in Mercy.

Alex. Shield me *Statira*, shield me from her Sorrow.

Par. O save him, save him, ere it be too late ;

Speak the kind word, before the gaping Lion

Swallow him up ; let not your Soldier perish

For one Rashness which Despair did cause :

I'll follow thus for ever on my Knees,

And make your way so slippery with Tears,

You shall not pass——Sister, do you conjure him.

Alex. O Mother, take her, take her from me ; [*Kneels.*

Her watry Eyes assault my very Soul,

They shake my best Resolve——

Stat. Did I not break

Thro' all for you ? nay, now my Lord you must.

Sys. Nor wou'd I make my Son so bold a Prayer;
Had I not first consulted for his Honour.

Alex. Honour! what Honour! has not *Statira* said—
Were I the King of the blue Firmament,
And the bold *Tirans* shou'd again make War,
Tho my, resistless Arrows were made ready,
By all the Gods she shou'd arrest my Hand.
Fly then, ex'n thou his Rival so belov'd,
Fly with old *Clytus*, snatch him from the Jaws
Of the devouring Beast, bring him adorn'd
To the King's Banquet, fit for Loads of Honour.

[*Exeunt* Heph. Eum. Par.

Stat. O my lov'd Lord! let me embrace your Knees,
I am not worthy of this mighty Passion:
You are too good for Goddesses themselves;
No Woman, nor the Sex, is worth a Grain
Of this illustrious Life of my dear Master.
Why are you so divine to cause such Fondness,
That my Heart leaps, and beats, and fain wou'd out,
To make a Dance of Joy about your Feet?

Alex. Excellent Woman! no, 'tis impossible
To say how much I love thee——Ha! again!
Such Extasies Life cannot carry long;
The Day comes on so fast, and beamy Joy
Darts with such fierceness on me, Night will follow.
A pale crown'd Head flew lately glaring by me,
With two dead Hands, which threw a crystal Globe
From high, that shatter'd in a thousand pieces.
But I will lose these boding Dreams in Wine,
Then warm and blushing for my Queen's Embraces,
Bear me with all my Heat to thy lov'd Bosom.

Stat. Go, my best Love, and cheer your drooping Spirit
Laugh with your Friends, and talk your Grief away,
While in the Bower of great *Semiramis*,
I dress your Bed with all the Sweets of Nature,
And crown it as the Altar of my Love;
Where I will lay me down and softly mourn,
But never close my Eyes till you return. [*Ex. Stat. Sys.*

Alex. Is she not more than Mortal e'er can wish!
Diana's Soul cast in the Flesh of *Venus*!

Alexander the Great.

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By Jove 'tis ominous, our parting is ;
Her Face look'd pale too, as she turn'd away :
And when I wrung her by the rosy Fingers,
Methought the Strings of my great Heart did crack.
What should it mean?——Forward, Leomedon.

Roxana meets him, with Cass. Polyp. Phil. and Thest.

Why, Madam, gaze you thus?

Rox. For a last Look, [She holds his Hand.
And that the memory of Roxana's Wrongs
May be for ever printed in your Mind.

Alex. O Madam, you must let me pass.

Rox. I will.

But I have sworn that you shall hear me speak,
And mark me well, for Fate is in my Breath :
Love on the Mistress you adore to Death ;
Still hope, but I Fruition will destroy ;
Languish for Pleasures, you shall ne'er enjoy.
Still may Statira's Image draw your Sight,
Like those deluding Fires that walk at Night ;
Lead you thro' fragrant Grotts and flow'ry Groves ;
And charm you thro' deep Grass with sleeping Loves ;
That when your Fancy to its height does rise,
That Light you lov'd may vanish from your Eyes, (prize,
Darkness, Despair, and Death, your wandering Soul sur- }

Alex. Away ; lead, Meleager, to the Banquet.

[Ex. cum suis.

Rox. So unconcern'd ! O I cou'd tear my Flesh,
Or him, or you, nay all the World to pieces.

Cass. Still keep this Spirit up, preserve it still,
Lose not a Grain ; for such majestick Atoms
First made the World, and must preserve its Greatness.

Rox. I know I am whatever thou canst say ;
My Soul is pent, and has not Elbow room ;
'Tis swell'd with this last Slight beyond all Bounds :
O that it had a Space might answer to
Its infinite Desire, where I might stand,
And hurl the Spheres about like sportive Balls.

Cass.

Cass. We are your Slaves, Admirers of your Fury :
 Command *Cassander* to obey your Pleasure,
 And I will on, swift as your nimble Eye
 Scales Heav'n ; when I am angry with the Fates,
 No Age, nor Sex, nor Dignity of Blood,
 No ties of Law, nor Nature, not the Life
 Imperial, tho guarded with the Gods,
 Shall bar *Cassander's* Vengeance, he shall die.

Rox. Ha ! shall he die ? shall I consent to kill him ?
 To see him clasp'd in the cold Arms of Death,
 Whom I with such an Eagerness have lov'd ?
 Do I not bear his Image in my Womb ?
 Which while I meditate, and roll Revenge,
 Starts in my Body like a fatal Pulse,
 And strikes Compassion thro' my bleeding Bowels.

Pol. These Scruples which your Love wou'd raise might
 Were not the Empire of the World consider'd : (pass,
 How will the glorious Infant in your Womb,
 When time shall teach his Tongue, be bound to curse you,
 If now you strike not for a Coronation !

Cass. If *Alexander* lives, you cannot reign,
 Nor shall your Child ; old *Sysigambis'* Head
 Will not be idle——sure Destruction waits
 Both you and yours ; let not your Anger cool,
 But give the Word ; say, *Alexander* bleeds,
 Draw dry the Veins of all the *Persian* Race,
 And hurl a Ruin o'er the East, 'tis done.

Pol. Behold the Instruments of this great Work.

Phil. Behold your forward Slave.

Theff. I'll execute.

Rox. And when this Ruin is accomplish'd, where
 Shall curst *Roxana* fly with this dear Load ?
 Where shall she find a Refuge from the Arms
 Of all the Successors of this great Man ?
 No barb'rous Nation will receive a Guilt
 So much transcending theirs, but drive me out :
 The wildest Beasts will hunt me from their Dens,
 And Birds of Prey molest me in the Grave.

Cass. No, you shall live, pardon the Insolence
 Which this almighty Love enforces from me ;

You

Alexander the Great.

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You shall live safer, nobler than before,
In your *Cassander's* Arms.

Rox. Disgrac'd *Roxana*, whither wilt thou fall ?
I ne'er was truly wretched till this Moment :
There's not one Mark of former Majesty
To awe my Slave that offers at my Honour.

Cass. Madam, I hope you'll not impute my Passion
To want of that Respect which I must bear you ;
Long have I lov'd ———

Rox. Peace, most audacious Villain,
Or I will stab this Passion in thy Throat.
What, shall I leave the Bosom of a Deity
To clasp a Clod, a moving piece of Earth,
Which a Mole heaves ? So far art thou beneath me.

Cass. Your Majesty shall hear no more my Folly.

Rox. Nor dare to meet my Eyes ; for if thou dost
With a Love-glance, thy Plots are all unravel'd,
And your kind Thoughts of *Alexander* told,
Whose Life, in spite of all his Wrongs to me,
Shall be for ever sacred and untouch'd.

Cass. I know, dread Madam, that *Cassander's* Life
Is in your Hands, so cast to do you service.

Rox. You thought, perhaps, because I practis'd Charms
To gain the King, that I had loose Desires :
No, 'tis my Pride that gives me height of Pleasure,
To see the Man by all the World admir'd,
Bow'd to my Bosom, and my Captive there ;
Then my Veins swell, and my Arms grasp the Poles,
My Breasts grow bigger with the vast Delight,
'Tis Length of Rapture, and an Age of Fury.

Cass. By your own Life, the greatest Oath I swear,
Cassander's Passion from this time is dumb.

Rox. No, if I were a Wanton, I would make
Princes the Victims of my raging Fires :
I, like the changing Moon, would have the Stars
My Followers, and mantled Kings by Night
Should wait my Call ; fine Slaves to quench my Flame,
Who lest in Dreams they should reveal the Deed,
Still as they came, successively should bleed.

Cass.

58 *The Rival Queens ; or,*

Cass. To make atonement for the highest Crime,
I beg your Majesty will take the Life
Of Queen *Statira* as a Sacrifice.

Rox. Rise, thou hast made me ample Expiation :
Yes, yes, *Statira*, Rival, thou must die ;
I know this Night is destin'd for my Ruin,
And *Alexander* from the glorious Revels
Flies to thy Arms.

Phil. The Bowers of *Semiramis* are made
The Scene this Night of their new-kindled Loves.

Rox. Methinks I see her yonder, (Oh the Torment !)
Busy for Bliss, and full 'of Expectation :
She adorns her Head, and her Eyes give new Lustre ;
Languishes in her Glass, tries all her Looks ;
Steps to the Door, and listens for his coming ;
Runs to the Bed, and kneels, and weeps and wishes,
Then lays the Pillow easy for his Head,
Warms it with Sighs, and moulds it with her Kisses.
Oh, I am lost ! torn with Imagination !
Kill me, *Cassander*, kill me instantly,
That I may haunt her with a thousand Devils.

Cass. Why d'ye stop to end her while you may ?
No Time so proper as the present ; now
While *Alexander* feasts with all his Court :
Give me your Eunuchs, half your *Zagorian* Slaves,
I'll do the Deed ; nor shall a Waiter 'scape,
That serves your Rival, to relate the News.

Pol. She was committed to *Eumenes*' Charge.

Rox. *Eumenes* dies, and all that are about her ;
Nor shall I need your Aid, you'll love again ;
I'll head the Slaves my self, with this drawn Dagger,
To carry Death that's worthy of a Queen.
A common Fate ne'er rushes from my Hand,
'Tis more than Life to die by my Command :
And when she sees
That to my Arm her Ruin she must owe,
Her thankful Head will strait be bended low,
Her Heart shall leap half way to meet the Blow.

[Exit *Roxana*.]

Cass.

Alexander the Great.

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Cass. Go thy ways, *Semele* — she scorns to sin
Beneath a God — We must be swift; the Ruin
We intend, who knows, she may discover?

Pol. It must be acted suddenly to night,
Now at the Banquet *Philip* holds his Cup.

Phil. And dares to execute — propose his Fate.

Cass. Observe in this small Phial certain Death;
It holds a Poison of such deadly force,
Shou'd *Æsculapius* drink it, in five Hours
(For then it works) the God himself were mortal.
I drew it from *Nemæis'* horrid Spring;
A Drop infus'd in Wine will seal his Death,
And send him howling to the lowest Shades.

Phil. Would it were done.

Cass. O we shall have him rear
(Ere yet the Moon has half her Journey rode)
The World to Atoms: for it scatters Pains
All sorts, and thro' all Nerves, Veins, Arteries,
Even with Extremity of Frost it burns;
Drives the distracted Soul about her House,
Which runs to all the Pores, the Doors of Life,
Till she is forc'd for Air to leave her Dwelling.

Pol. By *Pluto's* self the Work is wondrous brave.

Cass. Now separate: *Philip* and *Thessalus*,
Haste to the Banquet; at his second Call
Give him that fatal Draught that crowns the Night,
While *Polyperchon* and my self retire.

[*Exeunt omnes præter Cassander.*]

Yes, *Alexander*, now thou pay'st me well;
Blood for a Blow is Interest indeed.
Methinks I am grown taller with the Murder,
And standing strait on this majestick Pile,
I hit the Clouds, and see the World below me:
Oh, 'tis the worst of Racks to a brave Spirit,
To be born base, a Vassal, a curs'd Slave.
Now by the Project lab'ring in my Brain,
'Tis nobler far to be a King in Hell,
To head infernal Legions, Chiefs below,
To let 'em loose for Earth, to call 'em 'in,
And take account of what dark Deeds are done,

Than

Than be a Subject-God in Heav'n unblest,
And without Mischief have eternal Rest.

[Exit.

The SCENE draws, Alexander is seen standing on a Throne, with all his Commanders about him, holding Goblets in their Hands.

Alex. To our immortal Health, and our fair Queen's;
All drink it deep, and while it flies about,
Mars and Bellona join to make us Musick.
A hundred Bulls be offer'd to the Sun,
White as his Beams—Speak the big Voice of War,
Beat all our Drums, and blow our Silver Trumpets,
Till we provoke the Gods to act our Pleasure
In Bowls of Nectar and replying Thunder.

[Sound while they drink.

Enter Hephestion, Clytus, leading Lyfimachus in his Shirt bloody; Perdiccas, Guard.

Clyt. Long live the King, and Conquest crown his Arms
With Laurels ever green: Fortune's his Slave,
And kisses all that fight-upon his side.

Alex. Did not I give command you should preserve
Lyfimachus?

Heph. You did.

Alex. What then portend those bloody Marks?

Heph. Your Mercy flew too late: *Perdiccas* had
According to the dreadful Charge you gave,
Already plac'd the Prince in a lone Court,
Unarm'd, all but his Hands, on which he wore
A Pair of Gauntlets; such was his Desire,
To shew in Death the difference betwixt
The Blood of the *Æacides*, and common Men.

Clyt. At last the Door of an old Lion's Den
Being drawn up, the horrid Beast appear'd:
The Flames which from his Eyes shot glooming red,
Made the Sun start, as the Spectators thought,
And round 'em cast a Day of Blood and Death.

Heph

Alexander the Great.

61

Heph. When we arriv'd, just as the valliant Prince
cried out, O *Parisatis*, take my Life;
'tis for thy sake I go undaunted thus;
to be devour'd by this most dreadful Creature.

Clyt. Then walking forward, the large Beast descry'd
his Prey, and with a Roar that made us pale,
lew fiercely on him; but the active Prince,
starting aside, avoided his first Shock,
With a slight Hurt, and as the Lion turn'd,
thrust Gauntlet, Arm and all, into his Throat;
and with *Herculean* Force tore forth by th' Roots
the foaming bloody Tongue; and while the Savage
sint with that Loss, sunk to the blushing Earth
to plough it with his Teeth, your conquering Soldier
leap'd on his Back, and dash'd his Skull to pieces.

Alex. By all the Laurels, 'twas a godlike Act;
and 'tis my Glory, as it shall be thine,
that *Alexander* could not pardon thee.
my brave Soldier, think not all the Prayers
of the lamenting Queens cou'd move my Soul
like what thou hast perform'd; grow to my Breast.

[Embraces him.]

Lys. However Love did hurry my wild Arm,
When I was cool, my sev'rish Blood did bare,
and as I went to Death, I blest the King.

Alex. *Lysimachus*, we both have been transported;
from this Hour be certain of my Heart;
Lion be the Impress of thy Shield,
and that golden Armour we from *Porus* won
the King presents thee: but retire to Bed,
thy Toils ask Rest.

Lys. I have no Wounds to hinder
any moment; or if I had, tho' mortal,
I stand to *Alexander's* Health, till all
my Veins were dry, and fill 'em up again
with that rich Blood which makes the Gods immortal.

Alex. *Hephestion*, thy Hand embrace him close;
so next my Heart you hang the Jewel there;
I scarce I know whether my Queen be nearer:
thou shalt not rob me of my Glory, Youth,

F

That

Heph

That must to Ages flourish—*Parisatis*
 Shall now be his that serves me best in War :
 Neither reply, but mark the Charge I give,
 And live as Friends—Sound, sound my Army's Honour,
 Health to their Bodies, and eternal Fame
 Wait on their Memory, when those are Ashes ;
 Live all you must, 'tis a God gives you Life. [Sound.

Lyfimachus offers Clytus a Persian Robe, and he refuses.

Clyt. O Vanity!

Alex. Ha ! what says *Clytus* ?

Who am I ?

Clyt. The Son of good King *Philip*.

Alex. No, 'tis false ?

By all my Kindred in the Skies,
 Jove made my Mother pregnant.

Clyt. I ha' done.

*Here follows an Entertainment of Indian Singers and
 Dancers : The Musick flourishes.*

Alex. Hold, hold ; *Clytus*, take the Robe.

Clyt. Sir, the Wine,

The Weather's hot ; besides, you know my Humour.

Alex. O 'tis not well ; I'd burn rather than be
 So singular and froward.

Clyt. So would I

Burn, hang, or drown, but in a better Cause ;

I'll drink or fight for sacred Majesty

With any here—Fill me another Bowl,

Will you excuse me ?

Alex. You will be excus'd ;

But let him have his Humour, he is old.

Clyt. So was your Father, Sir—This to his memory
 Sound all the Trumpets there.

Alex. They shall not sound

Till the King drinks—By *Mars*, I cannot take

A moment's Rest for all my Years of Blood,

But one or other will oppose my Pleasure.

Alexander the Great.

63

Sore I was form'd for War ;
All, all are *Alexander's* Enemies ;
Which I could tame——Yes, the rebellious World
Shou'd feel my Wrath——But let the Sports go on.

The Indians dance.

Lyf. Nay, *Clytus*, you that cou'd advise——

Alex. Forbear ;

Let him persist, be positive, and proud,
Sullen and dazzled, amongst the nobler Souls,
Like an infernal Spirit that had stole
From Hell, and mingled with the laughing Gods.

Clyt. When Gods grow hot, where is the Difference
Twixt them and Devils ?——Fill me *Greek Wine*, yet fuller,
For I want Spirits.

Alex. Ha ! let me hear a Song.

Clyt. Musick for Boys——*Clytus* would hear the Groans
Of dying Persons, and the Horses Neighings ;
Or if I must be tortur'd with shrill Voices,
Give me the Cries of Matrons in sack'd Towns.

Heph. *Lyfimachus*, the King looks sad, let us awake
Heath to the 'Son of *Jupiter Ammon* ; (him :
Ev'ry Man take his Goblet in his Hand,
Kneel all, and kiss the Earth with Adoration.

Alex. Sound, sound, that all the Universe may hear,
That I could speak like *Jove*, to tell abroad
The Kindness of my People——Rise, O rise,
My Hands, my Arms, my Heart is ever yours.

[*Comes from his Throne, all kiss his Hand.*

Clyt. I did not kiss the Earth, nor must your Hand,
am unworthy, Sir.

Alex. I know thou art,

Thou enviest my great Honour——Sir, my Friends,

Nay, I must have room——Now let us talk

of War, for what more fits a Soldier's Mouth ?

and speak, speak freely, or ye do not love me :

Who, think you, was the bravest General

that ever led an Army to the Field ?

64 *The Rival Queens; or,*

Heph. I think the Sun himself ne'er saw a Chief
So truly great, so fortunately brave,
As *Alexander*; not the fam'd *Alcides*,
Nor fierce *Achilles*, who did twice destroy,
With their all-conq'ring Arms the famous *Troy*.

Lys. Such was not *Cyrus*.

Alex. O you flatter me.

Clyt. They do indeed, and yet you love 'em for it,
But hate old *Clytus* for his hardy Virtue.

Come, shall I speak a Man more brave than you,
A better General, and more expert Soldier?

Alex. I should be glad to learn; instruct me, Sir.

Clyt. Your Father *Philip*——I have seen him march,
And fought beneath his dreadful Banner, where
The stoutest at the Table wou'd ha' trembled:
Nay, frown not, Sir; you cannot look me dead.
When *Greeks* join'd *Greeks*, then was the Tug of War,
The labour'd Battel swear, and Conquest bled.

Why should I fear to speak a Truth more noble
Than e'er your Father *Jupiter Ammon* told you?
Philip fought Men, but *Alexander* Women.

Alex. Spite! by the Gods, proud Spite! and burning
Is then my Glory come to this at last, (Env)

To vanquish Women? Nay, he said the stoutest here
Wou'd tremble at the Dangers he has seen.

In all the Wounds and Sickness I have bore,
When from my Reins the Javelin Head was cut,

Lyfsmachus, *Hephestion*, speak, *Perdiccas*,
Did I e'er tremble? O the cursed Lyar!

Did I once shake or groan? or bear my self
Beneath my Majesty, my dauntless Courage?

Heph. Wine has transported him.

Alex. No, tis plain mere Malice:

I was a Woman too at *Oxydrace*,
When planing at the Walls a Scaling-Ladder,
I mounted, spite of Showers of Stones, Bars, Arrows,
And all the Lumber which they thunder'd down;
When you beneath cried out, and spread your Arms,
That I should leap among you, did I so?

Lys. Turn the Discourse, my Lord, the old Man rav'd

Alexander the Great.

65

Alex. Was I a Woman, when like *Mercury*,
I left the Walls to fly amongst my Foes,
And, like a baited Lion, dy'd my self
All over with the Blood of those bold Hunters ?
Till spent with Toil, I battel'd on my Knees,
Pluck'd forth the Darts that made my Shield a Forest,
And hurl'd 'em back with most unconquer'd Fury.

Clyt. 'Twas all Bravado, for before you leap'd,
You saw that I had burst the Gates asunder.

Alex. Did I then turn me, like a Coward, round,
To seek for Succour ? Age cannot be so base ;
That thou wert young again, I would put off
My Majesty to be more terrible,
That, like an Eagle I might strike this Hare
Trembling to Earth ; shake thee to Dust, and tear
Thy Heart for this bold Lye, thou feeble Dotard.

Clyt. What, do you pelt me like a Boy with Apples ?

[He tosses Fruit at him as they rise]

Kill me, and bury the Disgrace I feel.
I know the Reason that you use me so,
Because I sav'd your Life at *Granicus* ;
And when your Back was turn'd, oppos'd my Breast
To bold *Rhesaces*' Sword ; you hate me for't,
You do, proud Prince.

Alex. Away, your Breath's too hot.

[Flings from him]

Clyt. You hate the Benefactor, tho you took
The Gift, your Life, from this dishonour'd *Clytus* ;
Which is the blackest, worst Ingratitude.

Alex. Go, leave the Banquet : Thus far I forgive thee ;

Clyt. Forgive your self for all your Blasphemies ;
The Riots of a most debauch'd and blotted Life ;
Philotas' Murder.

Alex. Ha ! what said the Traitor ?

Lys. *Eumenes*, let us force him hence.

Clyt. Away.

Heph. You shall not tarry : Drag him to the Door.

Clyt. No, let him send me, if I must be gone
To *Philip*, *Attalus*, *Callisthenes*,
To great *Parmenio*, to his slaughter'd Sons ;

Parmenio, who did many brave Exploits
Without the King—the King without him nothing.

Alex. Give me a Javelin. [*Takes one from the Guards.*]

Heph. Hold, Sir.

Alex. Off, *Sitrah*, lest

At once I strike it thro' his Heart and thine.

Lys. O sacred Sir, have but a Moment's Patience.

Alex. Preach Patience to another Lion—What,

Hold my Arms? I shall be murder'd here,

Like poor *Darius*, by my own barb'rous Subjects.

Perdiccas, sound my Trumpets to the Camp,

Call my Soldiers to the Court; nay haste,

For there is Treason plotting 'gainst my Life,

And I shall perish ere they come to rescue.

Lys. & Heph. Let us all die, ere think so damn'd

Deed.

[*Kn*]

Alex. Where is the Traitor?

Clyt. Sure there's none about you;

But here stands honest *Clytus*, whom the King

Invited to his Banquet.

Alex. Be gone and sup with *Philip*, [*Strikes him thro'*

Parmenio, *Attalus*, *Callisthenes*;

And let bold Subjects learn by thy sad Fate,

To tempt the Patience of a Man much above 'em.

Clyt. The Rage of Wine is drown'd in gushing Blood

O *Alexander*, I have been to blame;

Hate me not after Death, for I repent,

That so I urg'd your noblest, sweetest Nature.

Alex. What's this I hear? say on, my dying Soldier

Clyt. I should ha' kill'd my self, had I but liv'd

To be once sober—Now I fall with Honour,

My own Hand wou'd ha' brought soul Death. O *Parde*

[*D*]

Alex. Then I am lost; what has my Vengeance done

Who is it thou hast slain? *Clytus*, what was he?

The faithful Subject, worthiest Counsellor,

Who for saving thy Life, when

Thou soughtst bare-headed at the River *Granike*,

Has now a noble Repompence for speaking rashly;

For a Forgetfulness which Wine did work:

Alexander the Great.

67

The poor, the honest *Clytus* thou hast slain.
Are these the Laws of Hospitality?
Thy Friends will shun thee now, and stand at distance;
Nor dare to speak their Minds, nor eat with thee,
Nor drink, lest by thy Madness they die too.

Heph. Guards take the Body hence.

Alex. None dare to touch him.

For we must never part. Cruel *Hephestion*
And *Lyfimachus*, that had the Power,
And would not hold me.

Lys. Dear Sir, we did.

Alex. I know it;

Ye held me like a Beast, to let me go
With greater Violence—Oh you have undone me!
Excuse it not, you that could stop a Lion,
Could not turn me: You should have drawn your Swords,
And barr'd my Rage with their advancing Points;
Made Reason glitter in my dazzled Eyes,
Till I had seen what Ruin did attend me:
That had been noble, that had shew'd a Friend;
Clytus would so have done to save your Lives.

Lys. When Men shall hear how highly you were urg'd.

Alex. No, you have let me stain my rising Virtue,
Which else had ended brighter than the Sun:
Death, Hell and Furies! you have sunk my Glory:
Oh, I am all a Blor, which Seas of Tears,
And my Heart's Blood, can never wash away;
Yet 'tis but just I try, and on the Point,
Still reeking, hurl my black polluted Breast.

Heph. O sacred Sir, that must not be.

Eum. Forgive my pious Hands.

Lys. And mine, that dare disarm my Master.

Alex. Yes, cruel Men, ye now can shew your Strength,
Here's not a Slave but dares oppose my Justice;
Yet I will render all Endeavours vain
That tend to save my Life—Here I will lie [Falls.
Close to his bleeding Side, thus kissing him;
These pale dead Lips, that have so oft advis'd me:
Thus bathing o'er his reverend Face in Tears;
Thus clasping his cold Body in my Arms.

Till

Till Death, like him, has made me stiff and horrid.

Heph. What shall we do?

Lyf. I know not, my Wounds bleed afresh
With striving with him: *Perdiccas*, lend's your Arm.

[*Ex.* *Perdiccas*, *Lyfimachus*.

Heph. Call *Aristander* hither,
Or *Meleager*, let's force him from the Body.

Cries without, Arm, Arm, Treason, Treason !

Enter Perdiccas bloody.

(*King?*

Perd. Haste, all take Arms ; *Hephestion*, where's the

Heph. There by old *Clytus*' Side, whom he has slain.

Perd. Then Misery on Misery will fall,
Like rolling Billows, to advance the Storm.

Rise, sacred Sir, and haste to aid the Queen :

Roxana fill'd with furious Jealousy,

Came with a Guard of *Zogdian* Slaves unmask'd,

And broke upon me with such sudden Rage,

That all are perish'd who Resistance made :

I only with these Wounds thro' clashing Spears

Have forc'd my way, to give you timely Notice.

Alex. What says *Perdiccas*? Is the Queen in danger?

Perd. She dies, unless you turn her Fate, and quickly :
Your Distance from the Palace asks more Speed,
And the Ascent to th' flying Grove is high.

Alex. Thus from the Grave I rise to save my Love ;
All draw your Swords, with Wings of Lightning move :

When I rush on, sure none will dare to stay ;

'Tis Beauty calls, and Glory shews the way. [*Exeunt.*



A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

Statira is discover'd sleeping in the Bower of Semiramis;
the Spirits of Queen Statira her Mother, and Darius,
appear standing on each side of her, with Daggers,
threatning her.

They sing.

Dar. **Alas!** Innocence so void of Cares,
That it can undisturbed sleep
Amidst the Noise of horrid Wars,
That make immortal Spirits weep!

Stat. No boding Crows, nor Ravens come,
To warn her of approaching Doom.

Dar. She walks, as she dreams, in a Garden of Flowers,
And her Hands are employ'd in the beautiful Bowers;
She dreams of the Man that is far from the Grove,
And all her soft Fancy still runs on her Love.

Stat. She nods o'er the Brooks that run purling along,
And the Nightingals lull her more fast with a Song.

Dar. But see the sad End which the Gods have decreed.

Stat. This Poniard's thy Fate.

Dar. My Daughter must bleed.

Chorus. Awake then, Statira, awake, for alas! you must
Ere an Hour be past, you must breathe out your last.

Dar. And be such another as I.

Stat. As I.

Chorus. And be such another as I.

Statira sola.

Stat. Bless me ye Pow'rs above, and guard my Virtue.
I saw, nor was't a Dream, I saw and heard
My royal Parents, there I saw 'em stand;
My Eyes beheld their precious Images;

I heard their heav'nly Voices : Where, O where
 Fled you so fast, dear Shades, from my Embraces ?
 You told me this——this Hour shou'd be my last,
 And I must bleed——Away, 'tis all Delusion.
 Do I not wait for *Alexander's* coming ?
 None but my loving Lord can enter here :
 And will he kill me ?—hence fantastick Shadows !
 And yet methinks he should not stay thus long.
 Why do I tremble thus ? If I but stir,
 The Motion of my Robes makes my Heart leap.
 When will the dear Man come, that all my Doubts
 May vanish in his Breast ? That I may hold him
 Fast as my Fears can make me, hug him close
 As my fond Soul can wish ; give all my Breath
 In Sighs and Kisses ; swoon, die away with Rapture.
 But hark I hear him—— [Noise within.
 Fain I would hide my Blushes ;
 I hear his Tread, but dare not go to meet him.

Enter Roxana, with Slaves, and a Dagger.

Rox. At length we've conquer'd this stupendous Height,
 These flying Groves, whose wonderful Ascent
 Leads to the Clouds.

Stat. Then all the Vision's true, [Retires.
 And I must die, lose my dear Lord for ever :
 That, that's the Murderer.

Rox. Shut the brazen Gate,
 And make it fast with all the massy Bars.
 I know the King will fly to her Relief,
 But we have time enough——Where is my Rival ?
 Appear *Statira* now no more a Queen ;
Roxana calls, where is your Majesty ?

Stat. And what is she who with such towering Pride,
 Wou'd awe a Princess that is born above her ?

Rox. I like the Port Imperial Beauty bears,
 It shews thou hast a Spirit fit to fall
 A Sacrifice to fierce *Roxana's* Wrongs.
 Be sudden then, put forth these Royal Breasts,
 Where our false Master has so often languish'd,

That

Alexander the Great.

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That I may change their milky Innocence
To Blood, and dye me in a deep Revenge.

Stat. No, barb'rous Woman, tho I durst meet Death
As boldly as our Lord, with a Resolve
At which thy coward Heart would tremble;
Yet I disdain to stand the Fate you offer,
And therefore, fearless of thy dreadful Threats,
Walk thus regardless by thee.

Rox. Ha! so stately!
This sure will sink you.

Stat. No, *Roxana*, no:
The Blow you give will strike me to the Stars,
But sink my Murdres in eternal Ruin.

Rox. Who told you this?

Stat. A thousand Spirits tell me:
There's not a God but whispers in my Ear,
This Death will crown me with immortal Glory;
To die so fair, so innocent, so young,
Will make me Company for Queens above.

Rox. Preach on.

Stat. While you, the Burden of the Earth,
Fall to the Deep, so heavy with thy Guilt,
That Hell it self must groan at thy Reception;
While foulest Fiends shun thy Society,
And thou shalt walk alone, forsaken Fury.

Rox. Heaven witness for me, I wou'd spare thy Life,
If any thing but *Alexander's* Love
Were in debate; come give me back his Heart,
And thou shalt live Empress of all the World.

Stat. The World is less than *Alexander's* Love;
Yet cou'd I give it, 'tis not in my Power:
This I dare promise, if you spare my Life,
Which I disdain to beg, he shall speak kindly.

Rox. Speak! is that all?

Stat. Perhaps at my Request,
And for a Gift so noble as my Life,
Bestow a Kiss.

Rox. A Kiss! no more?

Stat. O Gods!
What shall I say to work her to my End?

Fain

That

72. *The Rival Queens; or,*

Fain I would see him———Yes, a little more,
Embrace you, and for ever be your Friend.

Rox. O the provoking Word! Your Friend! thou dy'st;
Your Friend! What must I bring you then together?
Adore your Bed, and see you softly laid?
By all my Pangs, and Labours of my Love,
This has thrown off all that was sweet and gentle.
Therefore———

Stat. Yet hold thy hand advanc'd in Air;
I see my Death is written in thy Eyes;
Therefore wreak all thy Lust of Vengeance on me;
Wash in my Blood, and steep thee in my Gore;
Feed like a Vultur, tear my bleeding Heart.
But O *Roxana*! that there may appear
A glimpse of Justice for thy Cruelty,
A grain of Goodness for a mass of Evil,
Give me my Death in *Alexander's* Presence!

Rox. Not for the Rule of Heav'n—Are you so cunning?
What, you wou'd have him mourn you as you fall;
Take your Farewel, and taste such healing Kisses,
As might call back your Soul. No, thou shalt fall
Now; and when Death has seiz'd thy beauteous Limbs,
I'll have thy Body thrown into a Well,
Buried beneath a heap of Stones for ever.

Enter a Slave.

Slave. Madam, the King with all his Captains and his
Guards

Are forcing open the Doors; he threatens thousand Deaths
To all that stop his Entrance; and I believe
Your Eunuchs will obey him.

Rox. Then I must haste. [Stabs her.]

Stat. What is the King so near?
And shall I die so tamely, thus defenceless?
O ye Gods, will you not help my Weakness?

Rox. They are afar off. [Stabbing her.]

Stat. Alas! they are indeed!

Enter

Alexander the Great.

73

*Enter Alexander, Cassander, Polyperchon, Guards
and Attendants.*

Alex. Oh Harpy! thou shalt reign the Queen of Devils.

Rox. Do, strike, behold my Bosom swells to meet thee;
'Tis full of thine, of Veins that run Ambition,
And I can brave whatever Fate you bring.

Alex. Call our Physicians, haste, I'll give an Empire
To save her——O my Soul, alas *Statira*!
These Wounds.—Oh Gods, are these my promis'd Joys!

Enter Physicians.

Stat. My cruel Love, my weeping *Alexander*,
Would I had dy'd before you enter'd here;
For now I ask my Heart an hundred Questions,
What must I lose my Life, my Lord for ever?

Alex. Ha! Villains, are they mortal?——what retire!
Raise your dash'd Spirits from the Earth, and say,
Say she shall live, and I will make you Kings.
Give me this one, this poor, this only Life,
And I will pardon you for all the Wounds
Which your Arts widen, all Diseases, Deaths,
Which your damn'd Drugs throw thro' the lingring World.

Rox. Rend not your Temper, see a general Silence
Confirms the bloody Pleasure which I sought;
She dies.——

Alex. And dar'st thou, Monster, think t' escape?

Stat. Life's on the Wing, my Love, my Lord,
Come to my Arms, and take the last Adieu.
Here let me lie and languish out my Soul.

Alex. Answer me, Father, wilt thou take her from me?
What, is the black, sad Hour at last arriv'd,
That I must never clasp her Body more?
Never more bask in her Eye-shine again?
Nor view the Loves that play'd in those dear Beams,
And shot me with a thousand thousand Smiles?

Stat. Farewel, my Dear, my Life, my most lov'd Lord;
I swear by *Orosmales*, 'tis more Pleasure,

G

More

More Satisfaction that I thus die yours,
Than to have liv'd another's. — Grant me one thing.

Alex. All, all, — but speak, that I may execute
Before I follow thee.

Star. Leave not the Earth
Before Heav'n calls you : Spare *Roxana's* Life,
'Twas love of you that caus'd her give me Death,
And, O sometimes amidst your Revels think
Of your poor Queen, and ere the cheerful Bowl
Salute your Lips, crown it with one rich Tear,
And I am happy. [Diss.]

Alex. Close not thy Eyes ;
Things of Import I have to speak before
Thou tak'st thy Journey : — Tell the Gods I'm coming
To give 'em an Account of Life and Death ;
And many other hundred thousand Policies,
That much concern the Government of Heaven. —
O she is gone ! the talking Soul is mute !
She's hush'd, no Voice, or Musick now is heard !
The Bower of Beauty is more still than Death ;
The Roses fade, and the melodious Bird
That wak'd their Sweets, has left 'em now for ever.

Rox. 'Tis certain now you never shall enjoy her ;
Therefore *Roxana* may have leave to hope
You will at last be kind for all my Sufferings,
My Torments, Racks, for this last dreadful Murder,
Which furious Love of thee did bring upon me.

Alex. O thou vile Creature ! bear thee from my Sight,
And thank *Stratira* that thou art alive :
Else thou hadst perish'd ; yes, I wou'd ha' rent
With my just Hands that Rock, that marble Heart ;
I wou'd have dy'd thro' Seas of Blood to find it,
To tear the cruel Quarry from its Center.

Rox. O take me to your Arms, and hide my Blushes,
I love you, spite of all your Cruelties ;
There is so much Divinity about you,
I tremble to approach : yet here's my Hold,
Nor will I leave the sacred Robe, for such
Is every thing that touches that blest Body :

I'll kiss it as the Relique of a God,
And Love shall grasp it with these dying Hands.

Alex. O that thou wert a Man, that I might drive
Thee round the World, and scatter thy Contagion,
As Gods hurl mortal Plagues when they are angry.

Rox. Do, drive me, hew me into smallest pieces,
My Dust shall be inspir'd with a new Fondness,
Still the Love-motes shall play before your Eyes,
Where'er you go, however you despise.

Alex. Away, there's not a Glance that flies from thee,
But like a Basilisk comes wing'd with Death.

Rox. O speak not such harsh Words, my Royal Master,
Look not so dreadful on your kneeling Servants.
But take, dear Sir, O take me into Grace,
By the dear Babe, the Burden of my Womb,
That weighs me down, when I wou'd follow faster.

My Knees are weary, and my Force is spent :
O do not frown, but clear that angry Brow !
Your Eyes will blast me, and your Words are Bolts
That strike me dead ; the little Wretch I bear,
Leaps frighted at your Wrath, and dies within me.

Alex. O thou hast touch'd my Soul so tenderly,
That I will raise thee, tho thy Hands are Ruin.
Rise, cruel Woman, rise and have a care,
O do not hurt that unborn Innocence,
For whose dear sake I now forgive thee all.
But haste, be gone, fly, fly from these sad Eyes ;
Fly with thy Pardon, lest I call it back ;
Tho I forgive thee, I must hate thee ever.

Rox. I go, I fly for ever from thy Sight,
My mortal Injuries have turn'd my Mind,
And I cou'd curse my self for being kind.
If there be any Majesty above,
That has Revenge in store for perjur'd Love,
Send Heaven the swiftest Ruin on his Head,
Strike the Destroyer, lay the Victor dead ;
Kill the Triumpher and avenge my Wrong,
In height of Pomp, while he is warm and young ;
Bolted with Thunder let him rush along ;

And when in the last Pangs of Life he lies,
Grant I may stand to dart him with my Eyes :
Nay, after Death
Pursue his spotted Ghost, and shoot him as he flies. *[Exit]*

Alex. O my fair Star, I shall be shortly with thee ;
For I already feel the sad Effects
Of those most fatal Imprecations.
What means this deadly Dew upon my Forehead ?
My Heart too heaves.

Cass. It will anon be still. *[Aside.]*
The Poison works.

Pol. I'll see the with'd Effect *[Aside.]*
Ere I remove, and gorge me with Revenge.

Enter Perdiccas and Lyfimachus.

Perd. I beg your Majesty will pardon me,
A fatal Messenger ;
Great *Syfigambis*, hearing *Statira's* Death,
Is now no more ;
Her last Words gave the Princess to the brave
Lyfimachus : but that which most will strike you,
Your dear *Hephestion*, having drank too largely
At your last Feast, is of a Surfeit dead.

Alex. How, dead ! *Hephestion* dead ! alas the dear
Unhappy Youth ! — But he sleeps happy,
I must wake for ever : — This Object, this,
This Face of fatal Beauty,
Will stretch my Lids with vast, eternal Tears —
Who had the Care of poor *Hephestion's* Life ?

Lys. *Philarda*, the Arabian Artist.

Alex. Fly, *Meleager*, hang him on a Cross :
That for *Hephestion*. —
But here lies my Fate ; *Hephestion*, *Clytus*,
All my Victories for ever folded up ;
In this dear Body my Banner's lost,
My Standard's Triumph's gone !
O when shall I be mad ? Give order to
The Army that they break their Shields, Swords, Spears
Pound their bright Armour into Dust ; away ;

Alexander the Great.

77.

Is there not cause to put the World in Mourning?
Tear all your Robes :—he dies that is not naked
Down to the Waste, all like the Sons of Sorrow.
Burn all the Spires that seem to kiss the Sky ;
Beat down the Battlements of ev'ry City :
And for the Monument of this lov'd Creature,
Root up those Towers, and pave 'em all with Gold :
Draw dry the Ganges, make the Indus poor ;
To build her Tomb, no Shrines nor Altars spare,
But strip the Shining Gods to make it rare. [Exit.]

Cass. Ha! whither now, follow him, Polyperchon.

[Ex. Pol.]

I find *Cassander's* Plot grows full of Death;
Murder is playing her great Master-piece,
And the sad Sisters sweat, so fast I urge 'em.
O how I hug my self for this Revenge!
My Fancy's great in Mischief; for methinks
The Night grows darker, and the lab'ring Ghosts,
For fear that I should find new Torments out,
Run o'er the old with most prodigious Swiftnefs.
I see the fatal Fruit betwixt the Teeth,
The Sieve brim full, and the swift Stone stand still.

Enter Polyperchon.

What, does it work?

Pol. Speak softly.

Cass. Well.

Pol. It does:

I follow'd him, and saw him swiftly walk
Toward the Palace, oft times looking back,
With wary Eyes, and calling out, *Statira!*
He stumbled at the Gate and fell along,
Nor was he rais'd with ease by his Attendants,
But seem'd a greater Load than Ordinary,
As much more as the Dead outweigh the Living.

Cass. Said he nothing?

Pol. When they took him up,

He sigh'd, and enter'd with a strange wild Look,

Embrace'd the Princes round, and said he must
Dispatch the Business of the World in haste.

Enter Philip and Theſſalus.

Phil. Back, back, all scatter——With a dreadful Shout
I heard him cry, I am but a dead Man.

Theſſ. The Poison tears him with that height of Horror,
That I could pity him.

Pol. Peace——where shall we meet?

Cass. On Saturn's Field:

Methinks I see the frighted Deities,
Ramming more Bolts in their big-bellied Clouds, but
And firing all the Heavens to drown his Noise.
Now we should laugh——But go, disperse your selves
While each Soul here, that fills his noble Vessel,
Swells with the Murder, works with Ruin o'er;
And from the dreadful Deed this Glory draws,
We kill'd the greatest Man that ever was.

*The SCENE draws, Enter Alexander and all his
Attendants.*

Alex. Search there, nay probe me, search my wounded
Pull, draw it out. (Reins)

Lyf. We have search'd, but find no Hurt.

Alex. O I am shot, a forked burning Arrow
Sticks cross my Shoulders: the sad Venom flies
Like Lightning thro' my Flesh, my Blood, my Marrow.

Lyf. This must be Treason.

Perd. Wou'd I cou'd but guess.

Alex. Ha! what a Change of Torments I endure?
A Bolt of Ice runs hissing thro' my Bowels:
'Tis sure the Arm of Death; give me a Chair;
Cover me, for I freeze, and my Teeth chatter,
And my Knees knock together.

Perd. Heaven bleſs the King!

Alex. Ha! who talks of Heaven?
I am all Hell; I burn, I burn again.

The War grows wondrous hot; hey for the Tyger,

Bea

Alexander the Great.

74

Bear me, *Bucephalus*, amongst the Billows:
O 'tis a noble Beast; I would not change him
For the best Horse the Sun has in his Stable:
For they are hot, their Mangers full of Coals,
Their Mains are Flakes of Lightning, Curls of Fire,
And their red Tails like Meteors whisk about.

Lys. Help all, *Eumenes*, help, I cannot hold him.

Alex. Ha, ha, ha; I shall die with Laughter.

Parmenio, *Clytus*, dost thou see yon Fellow,
That ragged Soldier, that poor tatter'd Greek?
See how he puts to flight the gaudy *Persians*,
With nothing but a rusty Helmet on, thro' which
The grizly Bristles of his pushing Beard
Drive 'em like Pikes.——Ha, ha, ha.

Perd. How wild he talks!

Lys. Yet warring in his Wildness. (they come)

Alex. Sound, sound, keep your Ranks close, ay now
O the brave Din, the noble Clank of Arms!

Charge, charge apace, and let the Phalanx move:

Darius comes——Ha! let me in, none dare.

To cross my Fury;——*Phileas* is unhors'd:——Ay, 'tis

I see, I know him by the sparkling Plumes, (*Darius*;

And his Gold Chariot drawn by ten white Horses:

But like a Tempest thus I pour upon him——

He bleeds, with that last Blow I brought him down;

He tumbles, take him, snatch the Imperial Crown.—

They fly, they fly,—follow, follow—*Victoria, Victoria,*

Victoria——O let me sleep.

Perd. Let's raise him softly, and bear him to his Bed.

Alex. Hold, the least Motion gives me sudden Death;

My vital Spirits are quite parch'd up,

And all my smoky Entrails turn'd to Ashes.

Lys. When you the brightest Star that ever shone

Shall set, it must be Night with us for ever.

Alex. Let me embrace you all before I die:

Weep not, my dear Companions, the good Gods

Shall send you in my stead a nobler Prince,

One that shall lead you forth with matchless Conduct.

Lys. Break not our Hearts with such unkind Expressions.

Perd. We will not part with you, nor change for *Mars*.

Alex.

The Rival Queens.

Alex. Perdicens, take this Ring,
And see me laid in the Temple of *Jupiter Ammon*.

Lys. To whom does your dread Majesty bequeath
The Empire of the World?

Alex. To him that is most worthy.

Perd. When will you, sacred Sir, that we should give
To your great Memory those divine Honours,
Which such exalted Virtue does deserve?

Alex. When you are all most happy, and in Peace,
Your Hands——O Father, if I have discharg'd [Rise.]

The Duty of a Man to Empire born;
If by unwearied Toil I have deserv'd

The vast Renown of thy adopted Son,
Accept this Soul, which thou didst first inspire,

And with this Sigh, thus gives thee back again. [Dis.]

Lys. Eumenes, cover the fall'n Majesty:

If there be Treason, let us find it out;

Lysimachus stands forth to lead you on,

And swears by the most honour'd dear Remains,

He will not taste those Joys which Beauty brings,

Till we revenge the greatest, best of Kings.

I see, I know him by the shining Raiment,

And that Gold Chain, which down of his white Hairs

Is like a Temple, from I pour upon him

His sacred, with this Sigh, I thought him down;

He cannot make his, but the sacred Crown

They fly, they fly——follow, follow, follow

Follow, O my Lord.

Follow, the least of you, the least of you

My vital Spirits are past, past, past

And all my bloody Entrails are in thee

When you the brightest Star are ever seen

Shall be a light to guide me to the Sun

When I am dead, you all become I live

With not, my dear Companion, my good Gods

Shall find you in a better World

One that shall not be less than I

And I will not be less than you

And I will not be less than you

And I will not be less than you

And I will not be less than you

And I will not be less than you

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